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TRAITS

OF

INDIAN CHARACTER.

VOL. I.

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TRAITS

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OF

INDIAN CHARACTER;

AS GENERALLY APPLICABLE TO THE ABORIGINES OF NORTH AMERICA.

DRAWN FROM VARIOUS SOURCES;—PARTLY FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION OF THE WRITER.

BY G. TURNER,

MEMBER OF SEVERAL LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

"*The Red Men are melting like snow before the sun*, (to borrow the expressive metaphor of one of their Chiefs); and we should be anxious, before it is too late, to copy the evanescent features of their character, and perpetuate them on the page of History."—*New York Hist. Soc.*

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

Philadelphia:

KEY & BIDDLE, 23 MINOR STREET.

1836.

Checked May 1913

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THE two commencing papers of this volume, and that at page 68, under the caption of 'Curious Particulars, &c.,' being a sketch of the general character of our North American aborigines, may serve, in some measure, as an introduction to the pages that follow.

Time is advancing, by rapid strides, towards the extinction of the Indian race in North America. It may be well to preserve such authenticated facts as, at this day, lie within our reach, that posterity may not be altogether ignorant of characteristics attached to a various people, that once reigned lords over this wide extended country. It is to be regretted, that earlier steps had not been taken for this purpose, and thus have supplied what must now forever remain a chasm in the history of man-

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kind. But, let us gather up the fragments which remain to us, and save a little of what our predecessors have treated with too much neglect.

The writer has to regret the loss of numerous manuscripts, treating of the American Indians, which had for many, very many, years, been accumulating on his hands; and which, in connexion with the following sheets, could have thrown much additional light upon the subject before us.

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PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.*

THERE are many traits of the Indian character, highly interesting to the philosopher and Christian. Their unconquerable attachment to the pristine modes and habits of life, which counteracts every effort towards civilization, furnishes to the philosopher a problem, too profound for solution. Their simple and unadorned religion, the same in all ages, and free from the disguise of hypocrisy, which they have received from their ancestors, leads the mind to a conclusion, that they possess an unwritten revelation from GOD, intended for their benefit, and which ought to induce us to pause before we undertake to convert them to a more refined and less explicit faith. The religion of the Indian appears to be fitted for that state and condition, in which his Maker hath been pleased to place him. He believes in one Supreme Being, with all the mighty attributes which we ascribe to GOD; whom he denominates the *Great and Good Spirit*, and worships in a devout manner, and from whom he invokes blessings on himself and friends, and curses on his enemies. Our Maker hath left none of his intelligent creatures without a witness of himself. Long before the human mind is capable of a course of metaphysical reasoning, upon the connection which exists between cause and effect, a sense of Diety

* First published in a Western Periodical, A. D. 1823.

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is inscribed upon it. It is a *revelation*, which the Deity has made of himself to man, and which becomes more clear and intelligible, according to the manner and degree in which it is improved. In the Indian, whose mind has never been illumined by the light of science, it appears weak and obscure. Those moral and political improvements, which are the pride and boast of man in polished society, and which result from mental accomplishments, the Savage views with a jealous sense of conscious inferiority. Neither his reason, nor his invention, appears to have been exercised for the high and noble purposes of human excellence: and while he pertinaciously adheres to traditional prejudices and passions, he improves upon those ideas only, which he has received through the senses.

Unaided by any other light than that which he has received from the FATHER OF LIGHTS, the Indian penetrates the dark curtain which separates Time and Eternity, and believes in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body, not only of all mankind, but of all animated nature, and a state of future existence of endless duration. It is, therefore, their general custom to bury with the dead their bows, arrows, spears, &c., that they may be prepared to commence their course in another state. Man is seldom degraded so low, but that he hopes and believes, that death will not prove the extinction of his being. Is this a sentiment resulting from our fears, or our passions? Or, rather, is it not the inspiration of the ALMIGHTY, which gives us this understanding; and which has been imparted to all the children of men? A firm belief in the immortality of the soul, with a devout sense of a general superintending power, essentially supreme, constitutes the fundamental articles of the Indian faith. His reason, though never employed in high intellectual attainments and exertions, is less corrupted and perverted, while he roams in his native forests, than in an unrestricted intercourse with civilized man. The moral sense, or con-

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science, makes part of our constitution, and its dictates are never more clear and certain, than when called forth by the genuine and undisguised voice of nature. We are, therefore, never more unjust in our denunciations, than when we assert, 'that both those sentiments, the existence of a God and a state of future existence, are nothing more in the rude and uncultivated Savage, than the dictates of nature; that without a priest, a temple, sacrifice, or altar,* the Indian is sunk under the thickest gloom of ignorance and moral despondency.' He beholds in the rising sun the manifestation of divine goodness, and pursues the chase with a fearless and unshaken confidence in the protection of that '*Great and Good Spirit*,' whose watchful care is ever over all his works. Let us not, then, attribute his views of an Omniscient and Omnipresent Being, to the effect of a sullen pride of independence, and his moral sense of right and wrong, to a heartless insensibility. Deprived by the peculiarities of his situation, of those offices of kindness and tenderness, which soften the heart, and sweeten the intercourse of life in a civilized state, we should consider him as a being doomed to suffer the evils of the strongest and most vigorous passions, without the consolation of those Divine and human virtues, which dissipate our cares and alleviate our sorrows.

It is now two hundred years and more, since attempts have been made, and unceasingly persevered in, by the pious and benevolent, to civilize and christianize the North American Savage; until millions of those unfortunate beings, including many entire tribes, have become extinct.† The few who remain within the precincts of civilized society, stand as human monuments of Gothic grandeur, fearful and

* This must not be taken in its most enlarged sense.—Ed.

† To know how keenly this fact is felt by themselves, we have only to recur to our motto—"*The Red Men are melting like snow before the sun.*"

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tremulous amid the revolutions of time. Neither the pride of rank, the allurements of honours, nor the hopes of distinction, can afford to the Indian a ray of comfort, or the prospect of better days. He contemplates the past as the returnless seasons of happiness and joy, and rushes to the wilderness, as a refuge from the blandishments of art, and the pomp and show of polished society, to seek, in his native solitudes, the cheerless gloom of ruin and desolation.

If it had been the intention of Heaven, that this race of human beings should embrace christianity, would the unremitting efforts of two centuries, to accomplish that object, have proved unsuccessful? A Savage Christian is as great an absurdity in theology, as a civilized Savage is in politics. *Have we not attempted that which has not been provided for in the dispensation of Providence?* This is a question of no inconsiderable importance; and its investigation may induce us to look upon the Indian as *equally* under the protection of Heaven, possessing a Divine revelation, simple yet pure; a devout worshipper of the same God, and animated with as bright hopes of immortality.

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[The first article appeared in a 'National Intelligencer,' of November, 1827; to which was prefixed an editorial notice, in these words: 'We draw again upon the Western Review,* for a part of one of its miscellaneous articles; and we embrace the occasion to say, that, if this Periodical is not sustained with all the learning of some of its contemporaries, it can boast originality and fidelity of delineation. Its descriptions of Western scenery and character, aboriginal as well as civilized, possesses a charm for us, which we do not find, at all times, in profounder or more elaborate disquisitions. It is pleasant, as a relaxation from the uniformity and monotony of a business-life, to follow the Editor of this Review into the recesses of the forest; to feel the awful stillness of the shades, and rejoice in the gloomy beauty of the glades; to tread the prairie; to climb the mountain, and make acquaintance with the unsophisticated sons of nature, in all their simplicity and wildness.']

* A monthly production, published at Cincinnati.

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TRAITS

OF

INDIAN CHARACTER.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,

AS APPLICABLE TO THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS IN GENERAL.

In respect to the lesser morals, all savages in this region are hospitable. Even the enemy, whom they would have sought and slain, far from their cabins, who presents himself fearlessly there, claims and receives their hospitality. They accord to the cabin hearth the inviolability of an asylum, and the honours and the sanctity of an altar. A great number of instances are on record, of savages, of hostile tribes, obnoxious to the most deadly revenge of particular warriors, presenting themselves, on a sudden, before those warriors, and opening their offered bosoms to the knife. This undaunted heroism often disarms, not only

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the purpose of revenge, but with deep, savage admiration, excites more generous feelings, and brings about a reconciliation and permanent peace between the contending tribes. That part of our character,—which they are the last to understand, and least prone to admire,—is, that when our people have received, in their villages, a lavish and gratuitous hospitality, they, when returning the visit, should find that, with us, strangers were lodged in taverns.

We have, by no means, the same plenary faith in that tenacious remembrance of kindnesses, which historians have, almost universally, ascribed to them, as a trait nobly distinguishing them from other races. We entertain very little reliance upon the constancy of their friendship. We consider them treacherous and fickle in the extreme; easily swayed from the views and purposes of yesterday, and constantly disposed to pay court to the divinity of Good Fortune—and always ready to side with the strongest. Were we in their power, and fortune, in reference to us, changing, we should make no calculations for the morrow upon their views and purposes towards us to-day.*

They are well-known for their voraciousness of appetite. They endure hunger and thirst, as they do suffering, pain, and death, with astonishing patience and constancy. When they kill a deer, a bear, or a buffalo, after a long abstinence, they will devour an enormous quantity of the flesh. Their devoted and fatal attachment to ardent spirits, is matter of melancholy notoriety. In all their councils, talks, and conferences, with the officers of our government, from Lake Erie to the Rocky Mountains, their first and last request is whiskey—whiskey!

* * * * * *

It has been inferred—because they make it a point not to express astonishment or curiosity in view of improvements and arts—that they are devoid of the feeling of curiosity; and, because they seem to hold them in contempt and disdain, that they have no passions analogous to the cupidity, vanity, or pride of the whites. They are, un-

* The French have a proverb, which would seem made for our 'Children of the Forest:' '*Il est comme l'oiseau sur la branche.*'—He is like the bird on the branch; that is—His disposition is too wavering. —Ed.

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questionably, among the proudest beings in the world. No people can generate the emphatic and characteristic sneer of pride quicker or more strongly on their countenances. It is their pride that induces them to affect this indifference: for, that it is affected, we have had numberless opportunities to discover. It is, with them, not only pride, but calculation, to hold in seeming contempt, things which they are aware they cannot obtain and possess.

As regards their vanity, and that part of the species upon which it is supposed to operate with most force, we have not often had the fortune to contemplate a young squaw at her toilette. But, from the studied arrangement of her calico jacket; from the glaring circles of vermilion on her plump and circular face; from the artificial manner in which her hair, of intense black, is clubbed in a roll of the thickness of a man's wrist; from the long time which it takes her to complete these arrangements; from the manner in which she minces, and ambles, and plays off her prettiest airs, after she has put on all her charms;—we should clearly infer, that dress and personal ornament occupy the same portion of her thoughts that they do of the fashionable woman of civilized society.

A young Indian warrior is, notoriously, the most thoroughgoing beau in the world. Bond-street and Broadway furnish no subjects that will undergo as much crimping and confinement, to appear in full dress. We are confident that we have observed such a character constantly occupied with his paints and his pocket-glass, three full hours, laying on his colours, and adjusting his tresses, and contemplating, from time to time, with visible satisfaction, the progress of his growing attractions. When he has finished, the proud triumph of irresistible charms is in his eye. The Chiefs and Warriors, in full dress, have one, two, or three broad clasps of silver about their arms; generally jewels in their ears, and often in their noses; and nothing is more common than to see a thin circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, depending from their nose, a little below the upper lip. Nothing shows more clearly the influence of fashion. This ornament—so painfully inconvenient, as it evidently is to them, and so horribly ugly and disfiguring—seems to be the utmost finish of Indian taste. Porcupine quills, stained of different colours, are

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twisted in their hair. Tails of animals hang from their hair behind. A necklace of bears' or alligators' teeth, or claws of the bald eagle, hangs loosely down; and an interior and smaller circle of large red beads, or in default of them, a rosary of red hawthorn berries, surrounds the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are decorated with great numbers of little perforated cylindrical pieces of silver or brass, that emit a simultaneous tinkle as the person walks. If, to all this, he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat, of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt of the gaudiest colours that can be found, he lifts his feet high, and steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers a uniform and full sound; and apparently considers his person with as much complacency as the human bosom can be supposed to feel. This is a very curtailed view of an Indian beau; but every reader, competent to judge, will admit its fidelity, as far as it goes, to the description of a young Indian warrior over the whole Mississippi Valley, when prepared to take part in a public dance.

Strange as it may seem to our Atlantic readers, the sight of such an Indian is almost as rare a spectacle in this city (Cincinnati) as in Philadelphia or Boston. But so many faithful prints of Indian figure and costume have recently been presented to the public, that most of those who have not seen the living subject, have the definitive views of the general outlines of Indian appearance. The males, almost universally, wear leggins in two distinct pieces, like the legs of pantaloons, fitted very tight from the loins to the ancles—generally of smoke-tanned deer-skin, and seamed with tassels, or leather fringe; sometimes of blue cloth. Those who inhabit the regions beyond the range of the buffalo, wear a blanket thrown loosely over their shoulders; and those who live in the region of that animal, wear its dressed skin in the same way.* Their moccasins are ornamented with extreme care, with different coloured porcupine quills, arranged in lines and compartments. But,

* With this difference, however:—the buffalo skin, or *robe* (as it is called), is dressed with its woolly hair on it; and is worn, in summer, with the pelt side inwards; but outwards in winter. The robe also serves the purpose of a bed. These robes are sometimes lavishly decorated, or embroidered, with porcupine quills, dyed red, yellow, green, and black; and sometimes they are only painted with one or more colours.—Ed.

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in the sultry months, they are often seen with no other dress than a piece of blue cloth—in the language of the country, 'strouding'—passed between the thighs, and brought round the loins. In regions contiguous to the whites, they have generally a calico shirt, of the finest and flashiest colours; and they are particularly attached to a long calico dress, resembling a morning gown.

The women wear a calico jacket, leggins not much unlike those of the men, and, whenever they can afford it, a blue broad-cloth petticoat, made full, and bunching out, as if swelled with a hoop.* We do not remember to have seen Indians, either male or female, affect any other colours, than red or blue. The thick, heavy, black tresses of their hair, are parted from the centre of the forehead and the crown, and skewered with a quill, or a thorn, in a large club behind.

They have various dances, to which they seem extravagantly attached, and which often have—as did the dances of olden time—a religious character. The aged council chiefs drum, with invariable gravity of countenance; and the young warriors dance with great vehemence—pounding their feet upon the ground, like the pestles of a powder-mill. They pursue their vocation with a vigour, which causes the perspiration to pour from their bodies. Toward the close, they wag their heads, and make a kind of half whirl on their centre—cut a number of powerful and high flourishes, and then pause, shake their heads, clap their hands to their mouths, and emit a kind of scream, broken into small jerky fragments of sound, by passing their hands by a rapid motion across their lips. This is the most characteristic of all Indian noises. It seems easy to imitate; and yet we have heard Americans personate every part of an Indian dance with better and closer mimicry than this. They have the War, the Feast, the Scalp, and the Dog Dance: and perhaps others, and tunes corresponding to the different purposes of these

* The women of the Cherokee, Chickasaw, and Choctaw nations, are an exception. They wear long petticoats, generally of striped cotton; and have worn them time out of mind—a custom undoubtedly borrowed from the whites: their neighbours, the Creek, or Muskoghees, retain the short stroud petticoat. The three nations first mentioned, are in a progressive state of civilization.—Ed.

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dances. In our ears, these tunes are exceedingly monotonous and uniform, running only through three or four notes, and constantly recurring to the same strain. The last note of this strain is, to us, terrible, when heard—as we have often heard it—by night, ringing through the woods. The song, like the dance, breaks off by that broken yell, which they make by the rapid motion of their hands over their mouths. In most of the tribes, the women take no part in the song. We remember only to have heard the women of the Sacs and Foxes join in the song; and they did it by chiming in a couple or three sharp notes, with a strong nasal twang at the last part of the tune.

FURTHER SKETCHES OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

A late Number of the "North American Review" (A. D. 1827) contains an ample Historical Memoir on the North American Indians; of which the following is an extract:

The employment of Savages by the French and British, and of blood-hounds by the Spaniards, to destroy their enemies, are among the most atrocious acts which Christendom has been called to witness. We shall not here tax our own recollection, or the feelings of our readers, by any recital of the enormities we have seen, or of which we have heard or read. The imagination can furnish no aid toward a just conception of these scenes. There is nothing more appalling than the reality. The Indians are impelled to war by passions which acknowledge no control; and death and desolation are the objects of their military expeditions. From infancy, they are taught to inflict cruelties upon their enemies, and to bear with stern fortitude whatever may befal themselves. They are equally prepared to endure and to torture; and, in either situation, without the slightest symptom of human frailty, or feeling. They have not only no principle of religion or morality, to repress their passions—but they are urged forward in their career of blood by all around them;—by the examples of their

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fathers, and by the deeds of their companions. He is the most renowned warrior, whose tomahawk flies swiftest, and sinks deepest.

There is a horrible institution among some of the tribes, which furnishes a powerful illustration of the never-tiring love of vengeance. It is called '*The Man-Eating Society:*' and it is the duty of its associates to devour all such prisoners as are preserved and delivered to them for that purpose. The members of this society belong to a particular family, and the dreadful inheritance descends to all the children, male and female. Its duties cannot be dispensed with, and the sanctions of religion are added to the obligation of immemorial usage. The feast is consecrated by a solemn ceremony, at which the whole tribe is collected, as actors or spectators. The miserable victim is fastened to a stake, and burnt at a slow fire, with all the refinements of cruelty which savage ingenuity can invent. There is a tradition ritual, which regulates, with revolting precision, the whole course of procedure at these ceremonies. This institution has latterly declined; but we know those who have seen, and have related to us, the incidents which occurred on these occasions, when white men are sacrificed and consumed. The chief of the family, and principal members of the society among the Miamees, whose name was *White Skin*, we have seen, and with feelings of loathing, excited by a narrative of his atrocities amid the scenes where they occurred.

There are but two serious occupations, connected with the ordinary business of life, to which an Indian willingly devotes himself. These are *War* and *Hunting*. Labour is performed exclusively by the women; and this distribution of duties is a marked characteristic of all barbarous nations. The passion for war is fostered and encouraged by institutions, which are admirably adapted to make the warrior brave and enterprising. Nothing in thes ystems of the ancient republics was better devised to stimulate the ardour of their citizens. And, when assembled Greece proclaimed the victor at the Olympic Games, and crowned him with the olive wreath, she furnished no more powerful motive for exertion and distinction, than is provided in the institutions of our aborigines. It is the love of distinction which impels the warrior to tear from the head of the

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writhing and reeking victim, the bloody trophy of savage victory, and, at the next war-dance in his distant village, to strike the post, and to recount the atrocities which, by the aid of the *Sag-a-nosh*,* he has been enabled to commit upon the *Tshe-mo-ki-maun*.†

An Indian War-Dance is an important occurrence in the passing events of a village. The whole population is assembled, and a feast provided for all. The warriors are painted, and prepared as for battle. A post is firmly planted in the ground, and the singers, the drummers, and other musicians, are seated within the circle formed by the dancers and the spectators. The music and the dancers begin. The warriors exert themselves with great energy. Every muscle is in action; and there is the most perfect concord between the music and their movements. They brandish their weapons, and with such apparent fury, that fatal accidents seem unavoidable. Presently, a warrior leaves the circle, and, with his tomahawk, or casseetete, strikes the post. The music and dancing cease, and profound silence ensues. He then recounts, with a loud voice, his military achievements. He describes the battles he has fought—the prisoners he has captured—the scalps he has taken. He points to his wounds, and produces his trophies. He accompanies his narrative with the actual representation of his exploits; and the mimic engagement, the advance, and the retreat, are all exhibited to his nation as they really occurred. There is no exaggeration—no misrepresentation. It would be infamous for a warrior to boast of deeds he never performed. If the attempt were made, some one would approach and throw dirt in his face, saying, "I do this to cover your shame; for the first time you see an enemy, you will tremble." But such an indignity is rarely necessary: and, as the war-parties, generally, contain many individuals, the character and conduct of every warrior are well known. Shouts of applause accompany the narration, proportioned in duration and intensity to the interest it excites. His station in the circle is then resumed by the actor, and the dance proceeds, till it is interrupted in a similar manner.

* Englishmen.
† Bigknife American. } In the Algonquin dialect.

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In the Poem of ONTWA, a scene like this is so well described, that we cannot resist the temptation to transfer it to our pages. Of all who have attempted to embody in song the 'living manners' of the Indians, the anonymous author of that poem has been the most successful. His characters, and traditions, and descriptions, have the spirit and bearing of life; and the whole work is not less true to nature than to poetry.

A hundred warriors now advance,
All dressed and painted for the dance;
And sounding club and hollow skin
A slow and measured time begin:
With rigid limb and sliding foot,
And murmurs low, the time to suit;
For ever varying with the sound,
The circling band moves round and round.
Now slowly rise the swelling notes,
When ev'ry crest more lively floats:
Now toss'd on high, with gesture proud;
Then lowly 'mid the circle bow'd;
While clanging arms grow louder still,
And ev'ry voice becomes more shrill;
Till, fierce and strong the clamour grows,
And the wild war-whoop bids it close.
Then starts Skunktonga forth, whose band
Came far from Huron's storm-beat strand,
And thus recounts his battle feats,
While his dark club the measure beats.

INDIAN NOMENCLATURE.

The following specimens of Indian Nomenclature are translations of signatures affixed to treaties, which have been made between the United States and several Nations and Tribes of Savages, lying within their territorial limits. It is thought unnecessary to give the original names: but, as those names were not, of course, *written* by the unlettered Indian—whose mark alone was to be expected—we must depend on the public interpreters for the fidelity of the translation. The singularity and apparent absurdity

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of a Nomenclature, to us so novel and *outré*, may serve at least to amuse the reader. These specimens are but a small proportion of others equally curious. Some of them will call to mind the compound names, adopted by fanatics and hypocrites in the time of Cromwell.

A Lion coming out of the Water.
The Swan that flies in the Rain.
The Swan whose Wings crack as he flies.
He who has a Swan's Throat around his Neck.
The Man who looks at the Calumet Eagle.
The Thief.
The Turning Iron.
The Man who is sick when he walks.
The Half of his Body Gray.
The Iron Cloud.
The White Big-eared Dog.
Slippery Nose.
The Buffalo with one Horn.
The Old Man who can hardly walk.
The Man going up Hill.
The Good Goose.
The Man without a Tail.
Eldest Daughter [*though a male*].
White Nostrils.
He who stands fire.
Sour Mush.
Sleeping Rabbit.
Walk in the Water.
Split the River.
The Devil standing.
Between the Logs.
Whirlwind.
Big Snake.
Silver Heels.
Falling Star.
Sunrise.
Crooked Moon.
Full Moon.
Rough Leg.
Hare Lip.

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Woolly Head.
Buck Wheat.
Two.
Picking up a Club.
Drifting Sand.
Standing Bones.
Knife in his Hand.
Running About.
Carrying the Basket.
Carrying the News.
Mark on his Hip.
Two Companies.
Cloudy Up.
Clearing Up.
Sweet Foot.
Burnt his Body.
Holding his Hand About.
Turning Over.
Bunch on his Forehead.
Cross the Arms.
His Neck Down.
Looking at Her.
Hold the Sky.
Twenty Wives.
Heap of Any Thing.
Bear's Man.
His Blanket Down.
Stone Eater.
Cut off a Piece.
The Mocking Bird's Bill.
The Crow of other Nations.
The Divider of the Party.
The Presence Striker.
Chief of the Birds.
Chief of the Sun.
The Crow's Eye.
The Sudden Appearance.
Two Killers.
Going Snake.
Negro Legs.
Two Teeth.
The Lone Tree.

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After giving these specimens out of many hundreds more that might have been quoted—what can be attached to the character of the savage man, but the brutality of the forest; over which—small as his lights are—he has, notwithstanding, a claim? but it is a qualified one, as respects his own species. At home, he is every thing that is kind to his family: abroad, he is worse than the most ferocious feeder upon man. The brute beast of the forest is satisfied with his meal: savage man requires more: he must first torture—and then feast upon his unhappy victim!

AN INDIAN TOAST.

When General Wayne was holding his treaty with the Indians at Greenville, a young chief sat down at the dinner table, next to the general. This was not much relished by the *White Chief;* but he did not wish to give open offence to his *Red Brother.* The cloth being removed, the wine began to circulate; when Wayne—thinking to confound and abash the young chief—asked him for a *toast.* This being interpreted and explained to this son of the forest, he filled his tumbler with wine, and gave '*The Great Spirit*'—and—after an impressive pause, pressing his hand on his breast—he added, "*Because he put it into the heart of man to make such good liquor!*"

THE BITER BIT.

About the year 1721, the French—with their peculiar felicity at ingratiating themselves with savages—had already secured the friendship of many tribes far up the Missouri;* particularly of a powerful band, named Missouries; from whom that mighty river derives its name. The Missouries were engaged in a war of extermination against the Pawnees, a tribe who occupied the country still higher up

* In a MS. 'Map of the Missouri and Upper Mississippi,' in the possession of the governor of, what was then termed, Upper Louisiana, the Missouri was there called Mesisourie—which is, probably, the true name.—Ed.

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the river. The policy of the Spaniards of Santa Fé was, to add their force to that of the Pawnees, and destroy the Missouries, allies of the French, as a necessary preliminary to the expulsion of the French from that river, and establishing their own ascendancy on it. A Spanish force marched from Santo Fé, the nearest settlement to the Missouri. This force mistook its route; and, instead of reaching the Pawnee towns, as was intended—and as was supposed they had done—they, unconsciously, fell in with the principal town of the Missouries. The mistake was not easy to rectify; for the two tribes speak precisely the same language. They communicated their purpose, without reserve, supposing they were unbosoming to a Pawnee audience. They requested the co-operation of the Missouries to their own destruction. The crafty savages were at no loss to penetrate the mistake of their enemies. They preserved their customary and unchangeable gravity of countenance, and betrayed not the slightest appearance of surprise or consciousness. They only requested the usual time to call in their warriors, and hold a council of consultation touching the scheme.

At the end of forty-eight hours, they had assembled two thousand warriors, and fell upon the unsuspecting Spaniards, not only reposing in security, but meditating the destruction of these very Indians—and they put the whole of them to death, with the exception of the priests, who owed their escape to the fleetness of their horses, and alone remained to report the destruction of the rest.

A NOVEL VISITING PARTY.

In the spring of 1823, an interesting and somewhat novel spectacle was presented on the Missouri, before the town of Franklin. About fifty canoes were seen gliding silently down the stream, having nearly three hundred Indians on board, composed chiefly of entire families of the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi. As they were passing the town with great rapidity, an Indian—who had arrived the day previous, communicated something from the river bank; when, by a precise and simultaneous

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movement, the whole flotilla turned quartering up the stream, and approached the shore. They maintained a perfect silence, which was only interrupted by a single voice, vociferating the word *whiskey!* Having landed, they pitched their camp, consisting of commodious tents or wigwams, nearly equal in number to that of their canoes. They were made of flags, or bulrushes, about four feet long, and so ingeniously sewed together, as to be a complete protection against wind and rain. One long piece, placed vertically, and supported by poles, formed the walls, and two separate pieces the roof. These, when the Indians remove, are rolled together, and are very light and portable. The floors were formed of bark, temporarily used for the purpose, and overspread with bear skins. Their persons and accoutrements were disgustingly dirty: many of them, on special occasions, were decked out in brilliant colours and clean garments.

They were, at this time, perfectly sober—and contentment reigned in every countenance. Not an angry look was seen, nor a tone of voice heard that indicated the least dissatisfaction among these sons of Nature. Some of the men were cleaning their guns, and putting in preparation their fanciful decorations, for a war dance; while others walked with a stately and measured step through the camp, combining the sternness of the warrior with the gravity of the statesman. The squaws were making moccasins, providing their simple repast, or kindly aiding the employments of their husbands; while the children were playfully discharging their arrows, or sportively leaping and frolicking on the river bank.

Some of the women had a mildness, harmony of voice, and a softness of manner, beyond what is seen among the lower orders of civilized life. None of them had florid complexions, handsome forms, or beautiful features; probably, in consequence of the laborious nature of their domestic duties. For it is with them, as with all other savages, that the females are degraded below their natural rank in society, by being compelled to transport burdens, carry the children, dress the skins, hoe the corn, paddle the canoes, and perform any other acts of drudgery.

Some of the men had fine persons—tall, erect, and symmetrically formed. When sober, their manners were re-

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served and unaffected; their walk more deliberate, stately, and graceful than ours, and their carriage perfectly easy and natural.

The American Indian possesses great equanimity and nonchalance, with respect to passing events; and never, unless intoxicated, indulges in petulance, curiosity, or surprise. Those we are speaking of, took no manner of notice of the numerous visitors at their camp: except sometimes to throw on them a natural and independent look, indicating neither hauteur nor conscious inferiority.

During the day, they exhibited the war-dance at several places in town. This exercise is one of peculiar joy and festivity, since it celebrates their triumphs over enemies, and gratifies the passion of revenge; which is, probably, the strongest which actuates their bosoms. On this occasion they use their gayest attire, call to their aid the diversified plumage of the feathered race, fancifully arranged and variously ornamented. Their faces assumed a most grotesque and terrific appearance, by being painted in every variety of colour and manner. Thus prepared, they collected in a group; a musician beats upon a hoarse-sounding drum, and two or three shook gourds filled with pebbles; while the others shouted loudly and hoarsely, jumped up and down, and used every ludicrous gesture and uncouth attitude, and made every grimace that could add horror to the scene, or heighten the exhibition of savage joy.

INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

I can give (says Colden, in his History of the Five Indian Nations) two strong instances of the *hospitality* of the Mohawks; which fell under my own observation; and which will show that they have the very same notion of hospitality which we find in the ancient poets.

When I was last in Mohawks' country the sachems told me, that they had an Englishman among their people,—a servant who had run away from his master in New York. I immediately told them they must deliver him up. "No," they answered, "we never serve any man so who puts

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himself under our protection." On this, I insisted on the injury they did thereby to his master. They allowed it might be an injury, and replied, "Though we will never deliver him up, we are willing to pay the value of the servant to the master." Another man made his escape from the jail in Albany, where he was in prison on an execution for debt. The Mohawks received him; and, as they protected him against the sheriff and his officers, they not only paid the debt for him, but gave him land, over and above, sufficient for a good farm; whereon he lived, when I was last there.

INDIAN RECORDS.

At certain seasons, the Mohawks used to meet, in order to study the meaning, and renew their ideas of strings and belts of wampum. On such occasions, they sat down around the place in which they are deposited; and, taking out a string or belt, one after another, hand them to every person present; and, that they may all comprehend its meaning, repeat the words pronounced on the delivery, in their whole connexion. By these means, they were enabled to remember the promises reciprocally made; and, as young boys related to the chiefs were admitted, they became early acquainted with all their national concerns. Thus were the contents of their wampum documents transmitted to their posterity. The following may serve to show how well this mode of communication answers the purpose of refreshing the memory:

A gentleman in Philadelphia once gave an Indian a string of wampum, saying, "I am your friend, and will serve you to the utmost of my power." Forty years after, the Indian returned the string of wampum, adding, "Brother! you gave me this string of wampum, saying, 'I am your friend, and will serve you to the utmost of my power.' I am now aged, infirm, and poor: do now as you promised." The gentleman honourably redeemed his promise, and generously assisted the old Indian.

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SUPERSTITION.

Superstition pervades the Indian character. In the summer of 1824, some Indians from the Upper Mississippi paid a visit to the city of Washington. They were put on board a steamboat at St. Louis; and, on their passage up the Ohio, Marcpee, a chief of the Sioux tribe called Wahpacootas, threw himself into the river. This act, 'tis supposed, proceeded from his dreaming, the preceding evening, that he had seen a letter from a white man, written in characters of blood (of which he spoke but seldom), and hence determined on suicide. This happened at two o'clock in the morning; and, but a few minutes before, he was heard, by his comrades, to sing his death-song.

SHREWDNESS.

"He that delivered it unto thee hath the greater sin."

"I am glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y—s to the chief of the Little Ottowas, "that you do not drink whiskey. But it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes," replied the Indian,—and he fixed an arch and impressive eye upon the Doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it—"we Indians *use* a great deal of whiskey, but we do not *make* it."

THE ACCOMMODATING SAVAGE.

A noted Warrior of the Pottowatomies presented himself to the Indian Agent at Chicago, as one of the chief men of his village; observing, with the customary simplicity of the Indian, that he was a very good man, and a good friend to the Americans; and concluding with a request for a dram of whiskey. The agent replied, that it was not his practice to give whiskey to *good men:*—that good men never asked for whiskey, and never drank it when it

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was offered:—that it was bad Indians only who demanded whiskey. "Then," rejoined the Indian quickly, in broken English, "*Me one great rascal.*"

INDIAN INTEGRITY.

In the year 1824, while far in the interior of the country, and surveying the initiatory ceremonies of the Indian *Mertay*,—one of their mystical societies—we ourselves saw a Chippewa, whose grave and serious demeanour attracted our attention. His appearance led to the inquiry, Whether any peculiarity in his situation impressed upon his deportment the air of seriousness:—it was too evident to be mistaken. It was ascertained, that he had killed a Pottawatomie Indian, during the preceding season, and the Pottawatomies had made the usual demand for his surrender. On a representation, however, that he was deeply in debt, and that his immediate death would cause much injustice to some of the traders, the injured tribe, at length agreed to postpone his execution till another season: so that the products of his winter's hunt might be applied to the discharge of his debts. He had been successful in his exertions, and had paid the claims against him. He was about to leave his friends, and to receive—with the fortitude of a warrior—the doom which awaited him. He was now, for the last time, enjoying the society of all who were dear to him. No man doubted his resolution—no man doubted his fate. Instructions, however, were given to the proper officer, to redeem his life, at the expense of the United States.

HEROISM AND ELOCUTION.*

Billy Witherford, the celebrated savage warrior, is, at length, vanquished—the destroyer is conquered—the hand which so profusely dealt death and desolation among the Whites, is now paralyzed—it is motionless. He died

* Published in the Mobile Commercial Register, March, 1824.

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at his late residence near Montpelier, in this state, on the 9th inst. His deeds of war are well known to the early settlers in South Alabama, and will be remembered by them while they live: and be talked of, with horror, by generations yet unborn. But his dauntless spirit has taken its flight—" he is gone to the land of his fathers."

Billy Witherford, denominated 'The Prophet,' was about one-fourth Indian (some say a half breed) his ancestry, on the white side, having been Scottish. It has been said, that he boasted of having no *Yankee* (meaning American) blood in his veins.

This ferocious chief led the hostile Indians to the attack of Fort Mimms, at Tensau, on the 30th of August, 1813; which resulted in the indiscriminate massacre of men, women, and children, to the number of near four hundred. He was also a leader associated with the prophets Francis and Sinquister, at the battle fought on the 23d of December following, at Ekchanachaca, or 'The Holy Ground;' which had been considered by them inaccessible to their enemies, and the 'Grave of White Men.' But it proved a fatal delusion. His party suffered great loss of warriors, and all the provisions, munitions of war, &c. deposited at this place of imaginary security; being, as they supposed, rendered secure by the protecting influence of some supernatural agency.

It is stated, that—after being sated with the blood of Americans, and witnessing the almost total extinction of his warriors—he voluntarily and dauntlessly flung himself into the hands of General Jackson, and demanded his protection. He is said, on surrendering himself, to have made the following speech to the general—which looks very little like claiming *protection.* It displays a spirit, which would have done credit to Napoleon, under similar circumstances, after the battle of Waterloo:

"I am in your power: do with me what you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight, and contend to the last. But I have done—my people are all gone—I can do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation. Once I could animate my warriors to battle: but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice—their bones are at Talladega, Tallaschatchee,

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Enaucfaw, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. Whilst there were chances of success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation, and for myself.

"On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, I look back with the deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgian army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and have fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people, but such as they should accede to. Whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose them. If they are opposed, you shall find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge; and, to this, they must not, and *shall not*, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told us, where we might go, and be safe. This is a good talk, and my nation ought to listen it. *They* SHALL *listen to it.*"*

NEW WAY FOR A BROAD HINT.

[Communicated by the General to the Writer.]

When General Lincoln went to make a treaty with the Creek, or the Muskoghee Indians, one of the chiefs invited him to sit down beside him on a log. The general was then desired to move; and again, in a few minutes, to move further. The request was repeated, till Lincoln had reached the end of the log. "Move further still," said this Son of the Forest. "I can move no further;" answered the general. "Just so it is with us," replied the chief; "you have moved us back to the water, and then you ask us to move still further."

* This speech is the most manly and dignified piece of Indian oratory that has ever met our eye. It even surpasses the admired speech of Caractacus, the Briton, when led captive to Rome;—and is, in nowise, inferior to that of Logan.—ED.

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FARMER'S BROTHER.

Anecdotes of men who have been distinguished for their bravery, whether friend or foe, civilized or savage, seldom fail to excite interest.

During the second war with England, the Seneka nation of Indians, who reside in the neighbourhood of Buffalo, were employed by the American Government, and attached themselves to the army, then about to enter Canada, under the command of General Brown. The principal chief of this tribe was called '*Farmer's Brother*'—a stout, athletic warrior. The frosts of more than eighty winters had passed over his head; and yet he retained his faculties in an eminent degree. He possessed all the ardour of his young associates, and was uncommonly animated at the prospect which a fresh harvest of laurels presented to his mind.

This celebrated chief, in the war between England and France, was engaged in the service of the latter. He once pointed out to the writer of this account, the spot where, with a party of Indians, he lay in ambush—patiently waiting the approach of a guard that accompanied the English teams, employed between the Falls of Niagara and the British garrison; the fort there lately surrendered to Sir William Johnston. The place selected for that purpose is now known by the name of the 'Devil's Hole,' and is three and a half miles below the famous cataract, upon the United States side of the Strait. The mind can scarcely conceive a more dismal looking den. A large ravine, occasioned by the falling in of the perpendicular bank, made dark by the spreading branches of the birch and cedar, which had taken root below, and the low murmurings of the rapids in the chasm, added to the solemn thunder of the cataract itself, conspire to render the scene truly awful. The English party were not aware of the dreadful fate which awaited them. Unconscious of danger, the drivers were gaily whistling to their dull ox-teams. On their arrival at this spot, Farmer's Brother and his band rushed from the thicket that had concealed them, and commenced a horrid butchery. So unexpected was

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the event, and so completely were the English deprived of all presence of mind, but a feeble resistance was made. The guard, the teamsters, the oxen, and the wagons, were precipitated into the gulf. But two of them escaped; a Mr. Stedman, who lived at Schlosser, above the Falls, being mounted on a fleet horse, made good his retreat; and one of the soldiers, who was caught on the projecting root of a cedar, which sustained him until—assured by the distant yell of the savages—they had quitted the ground. He then clambered up, and proceeded to Fort Niagara, with the intelligence of this disaster. A small rivulet, which pours itself down this precipice, was literally coloured with the blood of the vanquished—and has ever since borne the name of '*The Bloody Run.*'

In the war of the Revolution, Farmer's Brother evinced his hostility to the Americans upon every occasion that occurred; and, with the same zeal, he engaged in the late war against his former friends—the British.

Another anecdote of this chief will show, in more glaring colours, the real savage. A short time before the United States army crossed the Niagara, Farmer's Brother chanced to observe an Indian, who had mingled with the Senekas, and whom he instantly recognized, as belonging to the Mohawks,—a tribe living in Canada, and then employed in the enemy's service. He went up to him, and addressed him in the Indian tongue:—"I know you well—you belong to the Mohawks—you are a spy—here is my rifle—my tomahawk—my scalping knife—I give you your choice, which of them shall I use?—but I am in haste!" The young warrior, finding resistance vain, chose to be despatched with the rifle. He was ordered to lie upon the grass; while, with the left foot upon the breast of his victim, the chief lodged the contents of the rifle in his head.

With so much of the savage, Farmer's Brother possessed some estimable traits of character. He was as firm a friend, where he promised fidelity, as a bitter enemy to those against whom he contended; and would rather lose the last drop of his blood, than betray the cause he had espoused. He was fond of recounting his exploits, and, savage-like, dwelt with much satisfaction upon the number of scalps he had taken in his skirmishes with the whites.

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In company with several other chiefs, he once paid a visit to General Washington, who presented him with a silver medal. This he constantly wore, suspended from his neck; and, so precious was the gift in his eyes, that he often declared, he would lose it only with his life. Soon after the battles of Chippewa and Bridgewater, this veteran paid the debt of nature, at the Seneka village; and, out of respect to his bravery, he was there interred with military honours from the Fifth regiment of United States Infantry.

SAVAGE REVENGE AND A CONFIRMED MURDERER.

Abraham Antoine, an Indian, was executed in the county of Madison, New York, in 1823, for the murder of a Mr. Jacobs. He had committed three other murders. The first was on a child of his own, which he buried in the embers on the hearth—because he was disturbed by its crying: the second, on a man in Canada—because he had called him 'an Indian dog.' This man he followed for several days; when, finding him at an Inn, the Indian obtained leave to sleep by the fire. He stole, in the dead of the night, to the bed in which the man slept; and, plunging a knife into his bosom, gave the Indian whoop of victory, and escaped. The third, was of an Indian; whom he shot at a house-raising on the Susquehanna, on pretence that he had wronged him of part of a certain bounty.

As to Jacobs—for the murder of whom Antoine was hanged—it appears, that he had been a principal witness against Antoine's daughter, who had murdered another female, through jealousy, for inveigling away her Indian suitor—and for which she had suffered death some years before. Jacobs, to escape the threatened vengeance of Antoine, left the country. Antoine invited his return, promising not to hurt him. But an Indian's vengeance never sleeps. Jacobs returns:—Antoine gives him a friendly shake by the hand, and, with the other, repeated stabs from a long knife he had concealed under his shirt-

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sleeve—and again escaped from that justice which, at length, overtook him.

The same Indian was strongly suspected of having committed a fourth murder.

A NEW MODE OF DETECTING ROGUERY.

In the Spring of 1812, a party of eighteen or twenty persons—some on horseback, some on foot—in passing through the Chickasaw country on their return from New Orleans, having stopped at a house for refreshment, in came a couple of male Indians. One of them threw down a dollar, and, in broken English, inquired who had lost it, for he had picked it up near the house door, and it must have been dropped by some one or other of the company. Each individual, as he felt his pocket, declared he had not lost any money—except one; who, taking out of his waistcoat pocket a few dollars, and counting them over, observed, that he had lost one—and the one now produced must be the identical dollar. The Indian now picked his up, and holding it out to his companion, "An't that *my* dollar?" says he. "Yes!" answered the other; "I know it to be your own." "A rogue! a rogue!" exclaimed the Indian; "I did this to try you, and have found one rogue among you!"

This anecdote the writer received from one of the party.

INDIAN LAW ALTERED.

In the winter of 1823-4, a Chippewa Indian, living at Saganaw, Michigan Territory, was killed by another of the same tribe. Agreeably to custom, the relatives of the deceased met those of the slayer, for the purpose of compounding the affair, either by presents, or putting the slayer to death. At the council, it was finally determined to accept a certain amount in presents, as an indemnity and peace-offering for the outrage. Both parties were now on the point of shaking hands, and lighting the pipe of conciliation—when up stepped *Kiskauko*, the Saganaw

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chief, and, with a single blow of his tomahawk, laid the murderer dead at his feet, to the astonishment of the Indians present.

On being questioned, why he thus interfered with the operation of their old law—he coolly answered, "*The law is now* ALTERED!"

BRANDY COMPOUND.

Charlevoix tells us, that an Ottawa Indian—who was a bad Christian and a great drunkard,—on being asked by the Count de Frontenac, what he thought the brandy, of which he was so fond, was made of—he gravely said, "*Of tongues and hearts; for,*" added he, "*after I have drank it, I fear nothing, and I talk like an Angel.*"

THE CELESTIAL FIRE.

The ancient Natchez Indians were worshippers of the fire—which, they said, was derived from their Great Deity, the Sun. They kept it perpetually burning on an altar; and the sacred deposit was confided to the care of the priests in rotation. The fire happened, however, to go out, to the great dismay of the whole nation, whose existence depended, as they believed, on its being kept alive.

They were about to immolate the priest, whose negligence had suffered the sacred flame to expire; when a Frenchman, whom chance had brought among them at the time, assured them, that if they would pardon the priest, he had in his pocket a talisman, by whose power he could propitiate their great deity, and bring down again the sacred fire upon their altar—to which they joyfully assented.

He now took out a burning-glass, and collecting the sun's rays, ignited a combustible, and restored fire to the altar. The savages were overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, loaded the Frenchman with presents, and, from that moment, looked upon him as a second divinity.

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INDIAN REMINISCENCE;

OR, A TRIBUTE TO WORTH.

One of the prettiest touches of feeling, of which we have ever heard (says a Philadelphia periodical) was witnessed in the conduct of certain Indians from the interior, who, some years ago visited our city:

When the statue in the hospital yard was pointed out to them as the figure of MIQUON, or WILLIAM PENN, they all, with one consent, fell down on their knees before it; thus testifying, in the strongest manner in their power, their reverence for the character of one of the few white men who have treated their race with humanity.

It was not an exhibition got up for effect;—it was the spontaneous result of a burst of feeling—of a deeply implanted feeling, which neither time nor distance had been able to eradicate. It had descended from father to son—had been cherished in the Western wilds—and evinced itself in the midst of civilized society, by the strongest of natural signs—REVERENCE ON THE KNEE!

SHENANDOH, THE ONEIDA CHIEF.

This celebrated chief, whose life measured a century, died in 1816. He was well known in the wars which occurred while the United States were British colonies; and, also, in the war of the Revolution—as the undeviating friend of the Americans.

In his youth he was very savage, and addicted to drunkenness; but, by the force of reflection, and the benevolent exhortations of a Missionary to the tribe, he lived a reformed man for more than sixty years, and died in Christian hope.*

* In 1775 Shenandoh was present at a treaty made in Albany. At night he was excessively drunk; and, in the morning, found himself in the street, stripped of all his ornaments, and every article of clothing. His pride revolted at his self-degradation, and he resolved never more to deliver himself over to the power of 'strong water.'

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Shenandoh's person was tall and muscular; but well made—his countenance was intelligent, and beamed with all the ingenuous dignity of an Indian Chief. In youth, he was brave and intrepid—in his riper years, one of the ablest counsellors among the North American tribes. He possessed a strong and vigorous mind; and, though terrible as the tornado, in war—he was bland and mild as the zephyr, in peace. With the cunning of the fox, the hungry perseverance of the wolf, and the agility of the mountain cat, he watched and repelled Canadian invasions. His vigilance once preserved from massacre the inhabitants of the then infant settlements of the German Flats. His influence brought his tribe to assist the Americans, in their war of the Revolution. His many friendly actions in their behalf, gained for him, among the Indian tribes, the appellation of the '*White Man's Friend.*'

To a friend who called to see him, in his wane (he was then blind), he thus expressed himself:

"I am an aged hemlock—the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches—I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have run away and left me. Why *I* live, the Great Spirit alone knows! Pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

'Indulge my native land; indulge the tear
That steals impassioned o'er the nation's doom:
To me each twig from Adam's stock is near,
And sorrows fall upon an Indian's ear.'

SAVAGE REFINEMENT.

The following was communicated to the writer, by a Mr. Vigo, a well-known Indian trader, at Vincennes, up the Wabash.

A white person (perhaps a trader) was among an Indian tribe on the Missouri. He was partaking of a repast with an Indian Chief, who had formed a high opinion of his guest; and, to evince his extraordinary respect for him, the Indian took a quantity—and not a small one either—of chewed victuals from his own mouth, which he cram-

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med into that of his guest, saying, "'Twere a pity so good a man should have the trouble of chewing food for himself."

LAKE WINIPEG;

OR, PUNISHMENT OF ROBERT PUCK.

The waters of Lake Winipeg (or Winepic, as it is sometimes written) and of the river Saskatchawan, which falls into it, are rendered turbid, by the suspension of a large quantity of white clay. Hence the name Winipeg, which signifies muddy water.

The Indians ascribe this muddiness to an adventure of one of their deities—a mischievous fellow, a sort of Robin Puck—whom they hold in very little esteem. This deity, who is named *Weesakootchaht*, possesses considerable power, but makes a capricious use of it, and delights in tormenting the poor Indians. He is not, however, invincible, and was foiled in one of his attempts, by the artifices of an old woman, who succeeded in taking him captive. She called in all the women of the tribe, to aid in his punishment; and he escaped from their hands in so filthy a plight, that it required all the waters of the 'Great Lake' to wash him clean;—and, ever since that event, it has received the name of Winepeg, or Muddy Water.

INDIAN JURISPRUDENCE, SPICED WITH SUPERSTITION.

Jim Donnelly (says the Baton Rouge Gazette) a half-breed, belonging to one of the Indian towns on the Tallapoosa, was tried by their laws, for the crime of WITCHCRAFT.

It appears, in evidence, that the accused was rapidly accumulating wealth, though remarkably *honest*, and even *liberal*—a circumstance that appeared to them so strange and unaccountable, that, in the opinion of the Court, he

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must *deal with the devil!* And, though no other charge was preferred, he was condemned to death, and actually shot!—a severe tax levied upon industry. His brother, fearing a similar fate, fled for safety to the whites. Poor Donnelly was sober, industrious and intelligent, and much respected in the white settlements, where he was known.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Near the Falls of Chattahootchy, an Indian accidentally killed another, in the act of wrestling. The brother of the deceased demanded the life of the homicide, in satisfaction for the accident,—and it appearing that the same man had, once before, caused the death of a person in a similar manner, he was given up, under the custom or law with them, that two *accidental* deaths caused by the same individual, amounted to *murder*, and must be punished as such. He was accordingly sentenced to die. The culprit made no attempt to escape, but submitted to his fate with the most perfect indifference. He was taken out a hundred or two yards from the town, and there put to a horrible death, by beating out his brains with a club! The trial, sentence, and execution, all took place within an hour after the offence was committed.

An Indian, some time since, guilty of the murder of Old Philip, another Indian, was taken into custody by the deputy sheriff in 1827 or '28. He had been apprehended by his countrymen, and taken to the nation, where he underwent his trial, was found guilty, and brought back to the spot where the crime was committed, to undergo punishment.

On his arrival, he was suffered to go at large, till the day appointed for his execution; and, during the interim, appeared to enjoy himself as much as his comrades. On the appointed day, he walked to the spot selected by himself, situated back of this town, decorated with ribands;

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and, after *digging his grave, danced around it, singing his death-song.*

WITCHCRAFT.

In North America—as, indeed, all the world over, especially where man is to be found in the savage state—superstition is a prominent trait of the Indian character. Indeed, it may be found among the most civilized, either in the dogmas of their religion, or otherwise.

Some occurrences of this lamentable error appeared, in 1824, among the Choctaws, attended with acts of a nature hostile to every good feeling:—we mean, the murder of helpless women, who happened to be suspected of witchcraft; for witchcraft has ever been held a *female* sin, as well by the savage as by those who are called civilized. One poor creature learning she lay under this imputation, concealed herself among the cane-brakes. Her pursuers discovered her, and beat her to death. Another, having no knowledge of her danger, was found, by those who had come to take her life, asleep with her children. They awoke her. She protested her innocence, and implored their mercy: but in vain. They put her to death on the spot.

One day the Missionaries discovered an old woman, who had been accused of witchcraft, concealed in a barrel, for fear of being murdered.

It seems the author of these murderous proceedings is an old Choctaw doctor (a doctor, a prophet, and a conjuror being the same thing among Indians), who tells the deluded people who apply to him for aid in their sickness, that such a one—naming somebody who has displeased him—has bewitched them; and that the witch must be killed before he can effect their cure. This never fails to operate as a death-warrant—a fiat from which there lies no appeal! Alas! when shall Reason exercise her sovereign sway over the human race?

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ANOTHER SPECIES OF WITCHCRAFT.

In his "Voyages from Montreal through the continent of North America," M'Kenzie tells us that he stopped at a lodge of Knisteneaux, who were on their return from a war excursion against the Esquimaux Indians; that having, through hunger, separated from their party in the enemy's country, they met, in returning, with a family of the hostile tribe, whom they destroyed. One of the Knisteneaux lay sick in the lodge. "This man," says M'Kenzie, "had conceived an idea, that the people with whom he had been at war had *thrown medicine at him*, which had caused his present complaint, and that he despaired of recovery. The natives are so superstitious, that this idea alone was sufficient to kill him. Of this weakness I took advantage, and assured him, that, if he never more would go to war with such poor defenceless people, I would cure him. To this proposition he readily consented; and, on my giving him medicine—which consisted of Turlington's balsam, mixed in water—I declared that it would lose its effect, if he was not sincere in the promise that he made me. In short, he actually recovered, was true to his engagement, and, on all occasions, manifested his gratitude to me."

RELIGION, LANGUAGE, JUGGLING, &c. OF THE LAKE SAVAGES.*

With respect to their religion, in the true acceptation of the term, the Indians have no religion: but they believe in the existence of a Great Invisible Spirit, who resides in the region of the clouds, and, by means of Inferior Spirits, throughout every part of the earth. It is not ascertained, however, that they acknowledge the gift of life from this Spirit,† or pay him the homage of religious adoration.

* This part of our account of the North American Aborigines is founded on Schoolcraft's "Narrative of Travels in the Northwestern Regions of the United States."

† This seems a misapprehension: for numerous proofs exist of In-

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MANITO,* in the Indian language, signifies Spirit. They have good and bad Manitoes; great and little Manitoes; a Manito for every cave, waterfall, or other commanding object in nature, and generally make offerings at such places. These tributary acknowledgments, however, are such things as are perfectly useless to a savage;—a broken gun-barrel, a pair of old moccasins or leggins, a broken paddle, or other useless or trifling article. Small bits of carrot tobacco are the only valuable articles which our author observed in making these deposites. But they never leave a silver arm band, a beaver skin, a knife, a hatchet, or other substance of any value or usefulness: neither is there that solemnity observed in making these deposites, which has been represented; nor does there appear to be any obligation upon individuals to make them, or to renew them at any regular periods. The act appears entirely optional, and is often accidental. Offerings are made when they happen to pass by any scene capable of exciting wonder; but they seldom, if ever, undertake to perform them. Their bad Manitoes answer to our Devil: but we have not learned that the bad Manitoes are subservient to one great bad Manito. Neither do we know, that the connex-

dians acknowledging the gift of life from the 'Great Spirit;'—and many such proofs will appear in the course of these sheets.

* This word is employed to signify the same thing, by all the tribes extending from the Arkansas to the sources of the Mississippi; and, according to M'Kenzie, throughout the Arctic regions. It may, with many others, be quoted to strengthen an opinion—for which there appear ample grounds—that the erratic tribes of the Northwestern region, and of the Valley of the Mississippi, are all descendants from one stock, which is presumed to have progressed from the North towards the South, scattering into different tribes, and falling from the purity of a language that may have been originally rich and copious. Among those who are disposed to make great allowances for the corruptions that have crept into the languages of the Aborigines of America, we find the most celebrated traveller of the age:—"What some learned writers have asserted from abstract theories, respecting the pretended poverty of the American languages, and the extreme imperfection of their numerical system, is as doubtful as the assertions which have been made respecting the weakness and stupidity of the human race, throughout the new continent—the stunted growth of animated nature, and the degeneration of those animals which have been transported from one hemisphere to the other. Several idioms, which now form the language of barbarous nations only, seem to be wrecks of languages, once rich, flexible, and belonging to a more cultivated state."—HUMBOLDT'S RESEARCHES, vol. i. p. 20.

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ion existing between the good Manitoes, from the most inferior up to the Great Spirit, is precisely what we have stated it to be; or, that there is any fixed or uniform understanding among them, respecting it: but, it would seem, that an understanding of this kind is universal.

All are more or less superstitious, and believe in miraculous transformations, ghosts, and witchcraft. They have jugglers and prophets—who interpret dreams, and who perform incantations and mummeries. Great solemnities are observed on occasions of this kind. Men and women are ceremoniously arranged around the walls of a cabin, appropriated to these mysteries: and, while they alternately assist in the performance of a round of unintelligible ceremonies, a spectator would find it difficult to restrain his laughter. A magic rod, suddenly darted at the person who is the subject of operation, causes him to fall, as if struck dead. A whiff from a tobacco pipe, communicates new spirit to him; and he rises reinstated in his former health of body or mind. The most remarkable of these ceremonies, is what is called the 'Medicine Dance,' where all sorts of bodily ailments are affected to be cured: and persons, in the last stages of existence are sometimes brought out, to undergo these ceremonies, who die while they are performing. Yet, their faith is not impaired: it is considered the signal interposition of some bad Spirit, who has prevented the operation of the medicine, that is, the *ceremony;* for physical aids are not relied upon in these cases: and, if one in ten, who have been subjects of operation, recover, the success in that case is alone dwelt upon, and the nine unsuccessful ones disregarded. Such is the religion, the superstition, and the knowledge of medicine of the Lake savages, blended as they appear. It is difficult to separate them, and to say how much may be considered religious, or mere mummery. Much allowance, however, is to be made on account of our ignorance of their languages—on account of bad interpretation—and the unfavourable sentiments we may entertain from early prejudices, or from other causes, which may influence our opinions and views.

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AN INDEPENDENT THOUGHT.

An Indian chief, of a bordering tribe, being appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with the people of the then province of South Carolina, was desired by the Governor and Council to speak his mind freely, and not be afraid, for he was among friends. "I *will* speak freely: I will not be afraid," said he; "for why should I be afraid among my friends, who never am afraid among my enemies?"

POWERS OF IMAGINATION,

AND

FERTILITY OF MARVELLOUS INVENTION;*

AS EXHIBITED BY A SAVAGE.

Schoolcraft, in his "Narrative Journal," tells us, that a brilliant specimen of native copper, ten or twelve pounds in weight, had been brought to Michilimackinac by a trader, who had received it from an Indian, on the banks of the Winnebago Lake—accompanied with the following fanciful story;—a story cunningly contrived, no doubt, to enhance the value of the gift, or the *quantum meruit* of a thing offered in barter.

"Passing in my canoe, during the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, across the Winnebago Lake—when the sun was just visible above the tops of the trees, and a delightful calm prevailed over the face of the waters—I espied at a distance, in the lake before me, a beautiful female form, standing in the water. Her eyes shone with a brilliancy that could not be endured; and, in her hand was a lump of glittering gold. I immediately paddled towards the attractive object: but, as I drew near, I could perceive

* Further proofs of Indian ingenuity, in this respect, will be found under the caption—'Substance of a War-Talk,' &c.

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it was gradually altering, as to its shape and complexion: —her eyes no longer shone with brilliancy—her face lost the hectic glow of life—her arms imperceptibly disappeared—and when I came to the spot where she stood, behold! there was only a monument of stone, having a human-like face, with the fins and tail of a fish! I sat a long while in amazement—fearful either to touch the super-human object, or to go away and leave it. At length, having made an offering of the incense of tobacco, and addressed it as the Guardian Spirit of my country, I ventured to lay my hand upon the statue, and finally lifted it into the canoe. Then, taking my seat at the other end, with my back towards the miraculous statue, I paddled gently towards the shore; but was astonished, on turning round, to find nothing in my canoe but the large lump of copper, which (taking it carefully from a roll of skins) I now present to you."

INDIAN MNEMONIES.

The Journal of Mr. Dodge, Missionary at Harmony, on the Wabash, contains the following article, dated August, 1825.

"Proposed to *White Hair* to assemble his people, to hear preaching. He declined, alleging that I gave him no tobacco. *Sans Nerf* said, it was bad to assemble the people: they did not understand well. But, if I would tell him what I had to say, he would tell it to the people. He then seated himself, with his bundle of sticks; and I expressed to him a dozen or fifteen ideas, respecting God, his government, &c. For every idea, he laid down a stick; —which is his manner of writing. After I had finished, he asked various questions, soliciting further explanations, until he was satisfied. He then counted his sticks, and said, "I understand it all."

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NOBLE ACTION OF A SAVAGE.

The following will be read with intense interest, by all who have a heart to feel or can admire disinterested magnanimity. It relates to the conduct of a young Indian chief, of the Pawnee nation, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and who was on a visit to the city of Washington, in the winter of 1823. We extract this account from the London Wesleyan Magazine, where it appeared in a communication from the Rev. Richard Reece.

"This young warrior, of fine size, figure, and countenance, is now about five and twenty years old. At the age of twenty-one, his heroic deeds had acquired for him, in his nation, the high rank of being called 'The Bravest of the Brave.' The savage practice of torturing and burning to death, existed in this nation. An unfortunate female, taken in war, of the Paduca nation, was destined to this horrible death. The fatal hour had arrived—the trembling victim, far from her home and her friends, was fastened to the stake—the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain, to witness the awful scene. But, when the faggots were about to be kindled, and the spectators were on the tip-toe of expectation, this young warrior, who sat composed among the Chiefs—having before prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions—sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, loosened the victim, seized her arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the devoted captive. The multitude—dumb and nerveless, with amazement at the daring deed—made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their respective villages.

"The released captive was accompanied through the wilderness towards her home, till she was out of danger. He then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of the journey, and they parted.

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"On his return to the village, such was the respect entertained for him, that no inquiry was made into his conduct; no censure was passed upon it: and, since this transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered to this or any other of the Pawnee tribes. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause!"*

MAGNANIMITY

AND

DISINTERESTED GENEROSITY:

WITH STRIKING TRAITS IN THE SAVAGE CHARACTER.

The Pawnee Loups (Wolf Pawnees) a tribe of Missouri Savages, lately exhibited the anomaly among the American aborigines of a people addicted to the superstitious rite of offering human victims, in propitiation of '*Venus, the Great Star.*' The inhuman ceremony was annually performed at the period immediately preceding their horticultural operations, in order to insure a bountiful return from the earth:—the neglect of which duty, it was believed, would occasion a total failure of crops. To obviate, therefore, a national calamity so formidable, any person was at liberty to offer up a prisoner, of either sex, whom the fortune of war had placed in his power.

The devoted individual was clad in the gayest attire, pampered with a profusion of the choicest food, and constantly attended by the conjurers, alias priests, who anticipated all his wants—cautiously concealed from him the real object of their sedulous attentions—and endeavoured to preserve his mind in a state of cheerful composure:—with the view of promoting obesity, and thus rendering the sacrifice more acceptable to their Ceres.

When the victim was sufficiently fattened, a day was

* Some interesting particulars, omitted in the story as here told, are supplied in a further account of the same subject immediately following this. Yet, some discrepance appears between the statements.—Ed.

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appointed for the sacrifice, that all might attend the celebration. In the presence of the assembled multitude, he was bound to a cross; a solemn dance was performed; and, after certain ceremonies, the warrior who had captured him, cleft his head with a tomahawk; and; at the same moment, numerous arrows were discharged at the body.

It appears, this barbarous rite has lately been abolished. *Latelesha*, or Knife Chief, principal of the nation, having long regarded this sacrifice as cruel and unnecessary, had vainly endeavoured to wean his countrymen from the observance of it. At length an Iotan woman, brought captive into the village, was doomed to the Great Star. Having undergone the necessary treatment, she was bound to the cross. At this critical juncture, *Petalesharoo*, son of *Latelesha*, stepped forward, and declared, that it was his father's wish to abolish a custom so inhuman; that, for his part, he was determined to release the victim, at the risk of his life. He now cut the cords that bound her, carried her swiftly through the crowd, and placed her on a horse; mounted another himself, and conveyed her beyond the reach of pursuit.

Notwithstanding the success of this enterprise, it was reserved for another display of the firmness of this young warrior, to abolish the sanguinary sacrifice—we hope for ever. The succeeding spring, a Spanish boy was captured, and confided, by the warrior who took him, to the priests, to undergo the usual preparation for sacrifice. The Knife Chief consulted with his son how to avoid the repetition of the horrible rite. "*I* will rescue the boy," said *Petalesharoo*, "as a warrior ought—by force." But the father, unwilling that his son should again expose himself to imminent danger, devised other means for rescuing the devoted victim:—that is, by ransom. For this purpose he repaired to a Mr. Pappon, then trading in the village, who generously contributed a quantity of merchandize. Other contributions were added by the Knife Chief himself, and by Petalesharoo, and other Indians. The whole was laid up in a heap, in the Chieftain's lodge, and the warrior was summoned to attend.

Latelesha, armed with his war-club, commanded the warrior to accept of the merchandize, as a ransom for the

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boy, or prepare for instant death. The warrior refused to comply: the chief flourished his club in the air. "Strike!" said Petalesharoo, "I will meet the vengeance of his friends." But the more politic Chief preferred adding to the mass of merchandize a few more articles, in order to give the warrior another opportunity of complying, without breaking his word. The expedient succeeded. The goods were reluctantly accepted; the boy was liberated, and afterwards conducted to St. Louis by the traders. The merchandize was sacrificed in his place: the cloth was cut in shreds, and suspended on poles, and many of the valuables were consumed by fire, to appease and propitiate the Indian Ceres.

CEREMONIOUS DELIVERY OF MURDERERS:

EXHIBITING AN IMPRESSIVE TRAIT OF PATERNAL AFFECTION AND SELF-DEVOTION.

In the year 1820, some murders of the Whites by the Savages had occurred on the Missouri. A demand was made of the murderers; which, for a while, was resisted, but at length complied with. "One of the murderers," says the official account, "and an old Chief, *self-devoted in the place of his son*, were voluntarily brought in and delivered up yesterday (November 12th, 1820). The ceremony of delivering them was conducted with much solemnity: A procession was formed, at some distance from the garrison, and marched to the centre of our parade. It was preceded by a Sussitong Savage, bearing the British flag:* the murderer and the devoted Chief followed, with their arms pinioned, *and large splinters of wood thrust through them above the elbows*—to indicate (as I understood) their contempt of pain and death. The relations and friends of the prisoners followed; and, on their way, joined them in their Death-Song.† When they arrived in

* This flag, we presume, referred only to a flag of the North-west Trading Company; having no connexion with the British Government.

† It is customary with the North American Indians, when doomed to suffer death, to sing a solemn dirge, called the '*Death Song*.'—Ed.

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front of the guard, the British flag was laid on a fire, prepared for the purpose, and consumed: the murderer gave up his medal, and both the prisoners were surrendered.

"The old Chief I have detained here as a hostage: the murderer I have sent to St. Louis, under a proper guard, for trial."

It appeared, the murders referred to had nothing of general hostility on the part of the Indians—being the unauthorized acts of solitary individuals.

It is pleasing to state, a corresponding magnanimity existed in the Department of the United States; and that orders were given to liberate the old Chief, who had surrendered himself, in the place of his son.

THE INDIAN AND THE BEAR.

"A Delaware Hunter," says Heckewelder, "once shot a huge bear, and broke its back bone. The animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry—something like that of the panther, when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him, and addressed him in these words:—'Harkee, Bear!—you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper, like an old woman. You know, Bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that your's was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods, stealing their hogs:—perhaps, at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior. But you, Bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct.'

"I was present at the delivery of this curious invective. When the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he said to it. 'Oh!' said he, in answer, 'the bear understood me very well. Did not you observe how ashamed he looked, while I was upbraiding him?'"

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ONE EFFECT OF SUPERSTITION.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

Captain Franklin, in his Journey to the Polar Sea, tells us, the Northern Indians suppose they originally sprang from a dog;—and that, about five years ago, a superstitious fanatic so strongly pressed upon their minds the impropriety of employing these animals, to which they were related, for purposes of labour, that they universally resolved to use them no more;—and, strange as it may seem, destroyed them! They have now to drag every thing themselves on sledges. But this laborious task falls most heavily on the women—who are compelled to take the place of the dogs. Nothing can appear more repulsive to the feelings of civilized life, than to witness the state of their degradation. When a company is on march, the women have to drag the tent, the meat, and whatever the hunter possesses; while he only carries his gun and medicine case. In the evening, they form the encampment, cut wood, fetch water, and prepare the supper; and then, perhaps, are not permitted to partake of the fare, until the men have finished.

A successful hunter sometimes has two or three wives. Whoever happens to be the favourite, assumes authority over the others, and has the management of the tent.

These men usually treat their wives unkindly, and even with harshness; except, indeed, at the time they are about to increase the family: they are then shown much indulgence. With all this, they cherish a strong affection for their children.

THE CONJURER OUT-CONJURED.

It is well known, that in most—if not all—of the North American tribes of Savages, they have certain individuals, who exclusively profess Physic, Divinity, and Conjuration; so that, among them, Physician, Priest, and Conjurer, are convertible terms. These mongrel professors are implicitly believed in, as possessing supernatural energies.

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Among the feats which these impostors practise, there is one upon which they lay great stress:—that is, if you bind them, hand and foot, they will, after some religious mummery, free themselves, by means of their supernatural agency. In the account of Captain Franklin's Expedition to the Polar Sea, we are told a ludicrous story of the complete detection of one of the juggling tricks.

Among the Indians, termed by the Canadians Knistenaux, a Savage, of the above description, showed himself at the trading post, called Cumberland House; and there agreed to be bound, hand and foot, from which he would free himself:—and the price of the exhibition was to be a *capot, i. e.* a great coat. According to custom, a conjuring house was constructed for the purpose, by striking four willows into the ground—joining their tops—and throwing a moose-skin over the whole. The wonder-working man, being then fast tied, and placed under this, a ring was formed around him by the Europeans and Indians present, to behold his achievement. For about half an hour, he continued merely chanting a monotonous hymn; but, at the end of that time, the conjuring house began to shake violently. The Indians now exclaimed, "The Devils are beginning to act!" The agitation continued, however, without any result. In fact, the enclosed impostor had calculated on being tied by an Indian knot; which a very small dexterity is sufficient to shake loose; instead of which, he had been put into the hands of a British tar, and *Jack* had made a point of showing himself no novice in the art. After long perseverance, the conjuror was obliged to give in, and cry for help.

After so miserable an exposure, he could no longer show his face at Cumberland House; but took the earliest opportunity of decamping.

This man fared better than another juggler, who was so imprudent as to boast of having caused the death of an Indian child, recently dead. The father—justly fired with indignation—snatched his gun, and shot him dead on the spot. Such are the fooleries and enormities incident to savage life.

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PRAISEWORTHY ACT, AND SINGULAR OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.*

From time immemorial, the Chippewas and Sioux have been hereditary enemies. According to Charlevoix, they were at war together when the French first reached the Mississippi: nor can the most intelligent among them *assign the cause of its commencement.* One of the Chippewa Chiefs being questioned by Governor Cass, in 1820, as to the cause; he answered, that the disputed boundary between them was a subject of little importance; since the question respecting it could be easily adjusted. He appeared to think, that they fought *merely because their fathers fought before them.*

The war then subsisting, had been waged with various success; and, in its prosecution, instances of courage and self-devotion had occurred, within a few years, that would not have disgraced the pages of Grecian or Roman History.

Some years since, mutually weary of hostilities, the Chiefs of both nations met, and agreed upon a truce. But the Sioux—disregarding the solemn compact they had formed, and actuated by some sudden impulse—attacked and murdered a number of the Chippewas. The old Chippewa Chief was present at the time; and his life was saved by the intrepidity and self-devotion of a Sioux Chief. This man intreated, remonstrated, threatened. He adjured his countrymen, by every motive, to abstain from any violation of their faith: and, finding his remonstrances useless, he attached himself to this Chippewa Chief, and avowed his determination to save him, or perish. Awed by such intrepidity, the Sioux finally agreed that he should ransom the Chippewa. This he did, at the expense of all the property he possessed. The Sioux Chief now accompanied the Chippewa on his journey, until he considered him safe from any of the parties of the Sioux, who might be disposed to pursue him.

* This account is founded on a letter from Governor Cass, of the Michigan Territory, to the Secretary of War, dated Detroit, February 2, 1821.

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Believing it equally inconsistent with humanity and sound policy, that these border contests should be suffered to continue; and feeling that the Indians have a full portion of moral and physical evils, without adding to them the calamities of a war, which had no definite object, Governor Cass—being at Sandy Lake—offered his mediation to the Chippewa Chiefs: to which they readily acceded. In consequence, a deputation of ten of their men descended the Mississippi with him.

The Chippewas landed occasionally, to examine whether any of the Sioux had recently visited that quarter. In one of these excursions, *there was found, suspended to a tree, in an exposed situation, a piece of birch-bark, made flat—by being fastened between two sticks—about eighteen inches long by fifteen broad. This bark contained the answer of the Sioux Nation, to overtures which the Chippewas had made, on Governor Cass's offer of mediation:*—which overtures had been found and taken off by a party of the Sioux. So vengeful and sanguinary had been the contest between these tribes, that no personal communication could take place. Neither the sanctity of the office, nor the importance of the message, could protect the ambassador of either party from the vengeance of the other.

It appeared, that the Chippewas' communication had been examined and discussed in the Sioux villages. The answer now found—pacific in character—was explained with as much facility as if some common character had been agreed on and established between the two nations. May not other nations, before the invention of letters, have employed some such mean of communication with those with whom they were at war?

The preliminaries to a peace being thus settled, the Sioux and the Chippewas met in joint council,—smoked the calumet, or pipe of peace, together—and then, in their own figurative language, "*they buried the tomahawk so deep, that it could never be dug up again.*"

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INDIAN DUEL, BY STONING.

In the year 1825 a very strange rencontre took place between two Canadian Savages; who, having quarrelled in a state of intoxication, determined to settle their difference by single combat. To this end, they agreed to stand at a certain distance, each armed with forty stones—which they were to continue throwing at each other, until one or both should fall, or the stock of ammunition be expended.

The combat had just commenced, when a lad, son of the elder Indian—perceiving his father's danger, and regardless of his own—attempted to take him away. At this moment, the other combatant discharged a stone, which struck the high-spirited and affectionate youth on the forehead, and stretched him lifeless on the ground.

A TOUCHING PETITION.

The following touching petition from Peter Harris, one of the surviving remnants of the powerful Catawba Nation, in South Carolina, was presented to the Legislature of that state, several years after the War of the Revolution.*

To the Council of South Carolina.

I am one of the lingering embers of an almost expired race. Our graves will soon be our habitation. I am one of the few stalks that still remain in the field, when the tempest of the Revolution is past. I fought against the British, *for your sake*:—the British have disappeared, and *you are free*. Yet, from me the British took nothing: nor have I gained any thing by their defeat. I pursue deer for my subsistence—the deer are disappearing, and I must starve. God ordained me for the forest, and my habitation is the shade. But the strength of my arm decays, and my feet falter in the chase. *The hand which fought for your liberty, is now open for your relief.* In my youth, I bled

* Session of 1822, 1823.

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in battle, that you might be independent:—but let not my heart, in my old age, bleed for the want of your commiseration. (Signed) PETER HARRIS.

A FIGURATIVE SPEECH.

This address was pronounced by a Chief, the leader of a party concerned in the murder of M'Intosh, principal Chief of the same nation with himself. M'Intosh had been the prime instigator of forming a treaty with the United States; by which a portion of the Indian country was ceded to the States;—a transaction which gave great umbrage to a numerous party in the Indian nation.

BROTHERS!

M'Intosh is dead. He broke the law of the nation—the law which he made himself. His face was turned to the White men, who wish to take our land from us: his back was to his own people: his ears were shut to the cry of our women and children: his heart was estranged from us. The words of his talk were deceitful: they came to us like the sickly breeze that flies over the Great River.*

Brothers! M'Intosh was brave: the deeds of his youth were valiant. But his heart became changed: he spoke the words of deceitfulness: he walked in crooked paths, which his brethren knew not—paths which led down to death. He deceived us,—and we slew him. The land is red with his blood, and with the blood of his friends. Our vengeance is satisfied. We bury the hatchet of revenge. Let us obey the Great Spirit, that he may lead his children to the path of their wandering.

AN INDIAN VERDICT.

The verdict of an Indian jury, over the body of John Tutson, an Indian,—who had been drinking freely, in cold

* Mississippi.

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weather, of spirituous liquors, and was soon after found dead,—was, "That the said John Tutson's death was occasioned by the freezing of a large quantity of water in his body, that had imprudently been mixed with the rum he drank."

SENSIBILITY.

A certain town of Maine once exhibited a striking display of Indian Character.

One of the Kennebec tribe, remarkable for his orderly demeanour, received from the State a grant of land, and settled himself in a new township, where several families had already been settled. Although not ill treated, yet the common prejudice against Indians, prevented any sympathy with him. This was made manifest at the death of his only child; while none of his neighbours came near him, to join in the obsequies of burial.

Shortly afterwards, he called on some of the inhabitants —"When White man's child die," said he, "Indian man be sorry;—he help bury him. When my child die, no one speak to me—I make his grave alone—I can no live here." He gave up his farm, *dug up the body of his child*, and carried it with him two hundred miles, through the forest, to join the Canadian Indians.

SAGACITY OF A SAVAGE.

An Indian, upon returning home to his cabin, discovered that his venison—which had been hung up to dry—was stolen. After taking his observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief; whom he tracked through the woods. Meeting with some persons on his route, he inquired, *if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and accompanied by a small dog with a bob-tail.* They answered in the affirmative: and, upon the Indian assuring them, that the man thus described had stolen his venison,

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they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person, whom, to them, it appeared he had never seen. The Indian replied—"The thief, I know, is a *little* man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height at which I hung it, while standing on the ground; that he is an *old* man, I know by his *short* steps,—which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white* man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks—which an Indian never does.* His gun I know to be *short*, from the mark which the muzzle made, by rubbing the bark of the tree against which it had leaned; that his dog is *small*, I know by his track; and that he has a *bob-tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust, where he was sitting, while his master was busied about my meat.

GALLANTRY OF A SAVAGE.

"The *ruling passion, strong* in death."—Pope.

Makawitta, a north-western Indian, was, in the summer of 1819, on board of the steamboat Walk-in-the-Water, on one of the lakes; while, at the same time, a lady was a passenger. In a playful mood, she took a ring from her finger, and put it on that of the Savage; who—as if mindful not to be behind the lady in gallantry—thus addressed her:

"You have conferred the best gift: this ring, emblem of love—of love that endures while the Great Spirit endures. My heart is touched:—it is yours for ever.

"I will preserve this ring while I live. I will bear it with me over the mighty waters, to the land of Good Spirits.

"I am happy to be with you, in this wonderful canoe, moved by the Great Spirit, and conducted by the Big Fish of the Great Deep.

* To this, however, there are exceptions.

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"I wish to be with you, till I go to the land where my fathers have gone. Take back the ring, and give me that which I value more,—YOURSELF."

Notwithstanding Makawitta's professions of ardent attachment, it soon evaporated; for, the very next day, he parted with the ring—that "emblem of love,"—for a drink of whiskey! In this, however, he only sacrificed to a passion which rules every other, among all the tawny tribes of the north-west. [For similar conduct in another Indian, see article under caption of "OTSAQUETTE."]

POSTSCRIPT, BY THE EDITOR.—In looking over our files of MSS. since transcribing the foregoing, we found some further notice of Makawitta, which is here subjoined; viz.

"This gentleman" (an English traveller) "first met with Makawitta high up the Ottowa, or Uttawa River, in company with five or six hundred of his countrymen. He noticed him particularly, at that time, as being the most perfect man, in form and features, he had ever seen:—in which opinion he was joined by all the passengers in the steamboat (Walk-in-the-Water.) He was young, not exceeding twenty, and, perhaps, a little over the middle size: his form and features were purely Grecian. He was neat in his dress—and there was an indescribable grace and dignity in all his movements.

"The morning after the arrival of the steamboat Michilimackinac, he, with five or seven hundred of his countrymen arrived there, on an expedition against some of the Southern Indians, and came on board the boat. He immediately attracted the attention of the passengers; and one of the ladies, in a sportive mood, took a ring from her own, and placed it on *his* finger. Makawitta knew not what to think of this act, until a gentleman on board, who spoke his language, told him, that a ring was a token of affection. Placing himself in a graceful attitude, he thus addressed the lady:—" &c.

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STRANGE PRELIMINARY TO A PEACE.

In 1794, and for some time before, a predatory war had existed between a tribe of Missouri Indians and the Spaniards in *Upper Louisiana*, then so called. At length, a war Chief, with a party of his nation, boldly ventured into St. Louis, and demanded an interview with the governor —whom he thus accosted:

"We have come to offer you peace. We have been at war with you many moons;—And what have you done? Nothing!—Our warriors have tried every means to meet yours in battle: but you will not—you dare not fight us. You are a parcel of *Old Women.** What can be done with such people, but to make peace: since you will not fight?—I come, therefore, to offer you peace, and to bury the hatchet; to brighten the chain, and again to open the way between us."

This anecdote the writer received from the governor himself—Don Zenon de Trudeau—shortly after the interview had taken place; and who, in relating it, was evidently impressed with a deep sense of the audacious insult thus offered him. He added, "I availed myself, however, of the opportunity, to inform the Savages, that, since we were at peace, I would send traders among them, to supply their wants, and receive their furs and peltries in exchange: that, for this purpose, it would be necessary to erect a pretty large house within their territory, in order to accommodate the traders and their goods. To this the party assented. I had, in consequence, a fort constructed, and mounted it with a few pieces of cannon, which we had concealed in strong boxes, when forwarded, as if containing merchandize."

LANGUAGE BY SIGNS.

Andrew Ellicott, Esq., commissioned by the United States to determine, in conjunction with the Commission-

* This epithet, among Indians, is an expression of the utmost contempt which their idiom can furnish.—Ed.

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ers of Spain, a line of demarcation between the Territories of both nations,—related to the writer a curious trait in the Savage character.

On his way down the Mississippi, a number of strange Indians came into his camp, from the west side of the river. A Mr. Nolin happened to be there at the time,—well known for his enterprize and skill in catching wild horses in the Internal Provinces of Spanish America. He addressed them in such of the languages as he was acquainted with—but was not understood. He then conversed by certain signs. These were understood by the Indians, and were answered in like manner. Thus (if the expression may be allowed) a conversation ensued, in which not a word was spoken:—"and this," said Nolin, "is a sort of universal language common to the Western tribes."—(*See Major Long's Expedition.*)

FEMALE DARING;

OR, THE FORCE OF LOVE.

"L'amour sonnet la terre."—CORNEILLE.
"Love rules o'er the earth."

Schoolcraft, in his Narrative Journal, relates the following anecdote of an Indian girl:

"In passing through Lake Pepin," says he, "our interpreter pointed out to us a high precipice, on the East shore of the lake, from which an Indian girl, of the Sioux nation, had, many years ago, precipitated herself, in a fit of disappointed love. She had given her heart, it appears, to a young Chief of her own tribe, who was very much attached to her; but the alliance was opposed by her parents, who wished her to marry an old Chief, renowned for his wisdom and influence in the nation.

"As the union was insisted upon, and no other way appearing to avoid it, she determined to sacrifice her life, in preference to a violation of her former vow;—and, while the preparations for the marriage feast were going forward,

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left her father's cabin, without exciting suspicion; and, before she could be overtaken, threw herself from that awful precipice, and was instantly dashed into a thousand pieces.

"Such an instance of sentiment is rarely to be met with among barbarians; and should redeem the name of this noble-minded girl from oblivion. It was Oo-la-i-ta."

CURIOUS PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE INDIAN CHARACTER.

Indians prepare for war by fasting and blacking their faces;—the war-chief, in particular, for an indefinite period, beating his drum in some little reclusive cabin, singing to his lesser manitoes (domestic gods) to incline the Great Spirit to grant him success in the intended expedition—and praying to the Great Spirit to inform him, in his dreams, if it be, or be not, advisable to undertake it; and, if undertaken, whether success would follow. If, in the course of fasting, but one dream favourable to the object occur, the business is settled. He immediately announces that he is for war, and hangs up in his lodge the war-belt of wampum, painted red. Those who incline to accompany him, draw it through their hands—the token of enlistment in the proposed war. As the numbers increase, the drum and song become louder; and the Chief declares, that the Great Spirit has sanctioned the undertaking. When a sufficient number is enrolled, and no more is expected, the time of marching is appointed. If any women accompany the party (which, though rarely, sometimes happens) and any should sleep with their husbands, it is considered a very bad omen; as weakening the influence of the inferior manitoes with the Great Spirit.

Stepping over the leg of an Indian, while preparing for war, or upon the route, is also held a bad omen—denoting he is to become weak, or to fall in battle. In their lodges, when huddled together, or elsewhere, if one steps over the legs of another savage, it is considered an unpardonable

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breach of good manners. But this is carefully avoided by grown persons: and, if a child should transgress, it is severely chided.

During an expedition, Indians never seat themselves upon any thing elevated—such as a rock, or a log.

While on the march to an enemy's country, if the leader should dream any thing portending evil to his plans, he acquaints the party therewith, and all will conclude to return. But should they, on the contrary, determine to proceed, and the leader have another unlucky dream, nothing can induce to the further prosecution of the expedition. The cawing of a crow at night is a fearful omen—denoting that the party is discovered, and the enemy close by: in which case they return home in haste. Should a rattlesnake cross the front of their encampment, it is the forerunner of danger; and the party returns.

Upon the march, the partizan, or leader, keeps in front, followed by his favourite warrior; who is the bearer of a bag, containing their manitoes.

In marching forward, the whole have to hunt, and to dry and hide their meat, to subsist on in their flight home.

Should the relations of those who are killed be dissatisfied, the Chief must make up another party, and again try the fortune of war. But, if again unsuccessful, he never attempts to raise a third party—knowing it would be impossible. He ever afterwards remains at home, and meets there the upbraidings of the friends of the slain. On the other hand, if the leader of a war-party dream of success,—should only one of the enemy be killed, all are contented.

When an important victory is obtained, and prisoners and scalps are the fruits, a council is called on the return of the party, and distribution is made of the prisoners; and, perhaps, a wounded, or an old man, is sacrificed, to appease the manes of warriors slain: or, perhaps, some one will kill a prisoner, to revenge the loss of a relative—such old men and women prisoners, as are spared, are doomed to a slavery worse than death. Boys and girls are usually adopted, and fare equally well with the young offspring of the family:—but, if sold, they are commonly treated with harshness.

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SINGULAR FIGURES OF SPEECH;

OR, COMPLIMENTARY BEGGING.

While the United States were at war with several Indian tribes, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the writer of these Traits, then holding an important appointment in the Judicial Department of Government, was called by his official duties to the Illinois country. Being at Cahokia, a party of Indians, from the Lakes, entered the town, and demanded an audience; pretending they had come on a friendly visit, to see the 'Great Man.' Not a doubt, however, remained with the Cahokians, but that these savages were prowling the country, in quest of scalps. For it was well known, at the time, that the Michigan Indians were among the most inveterate foes of the United States. They were admitted.

The party consisted of eight or ten persons—their leader or spokesman, from every appearance, must have seen the frosts of at least ninety winters pass over his head. He stepped forward to the Judge, and made a long metaphorical harangue, in the Chippewa language. The following are among some of its striking features:—

"Father!

"Your Children have come a long way to see you, hearing there was a Great Chief at this place—greater than we had ever seen—from the Sixteen Council Fires of the *Bostoni*.*

"Father!

"We thank you for the fine weather your Children have enjoyed for more than five weeks past.†

* At that time, there were but sixteen states in the Union. By *Bostoni* is meant *Bostonians*. They being the first to resist British oppression, their name became familiar to the Western Indians, who extended it to the Americans at large.—Ed.

† This interview happened in the winter of 1794-5; and, notwithstanding the season, the weather was extremely mild and clear, and had been so for several weeks, hardly a cloud was seen, not a chilling blast was felt: it was the temperature of the latter part of a warm spring.

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"Father!

"You have come from where the Sun gets up; and the Sun, out of his great care and love for you, has kept you company to this place, where he still remains with you. And long may the Great Spirit permit you both to remain together, to keep your poor Red Children warm."

Proceeding in this strain for some time longer, the aged orator came to his *point*—concluding with the following forcible appeal:

"And now, Father! your Children here present, beg you not to send them away, without first letting them drink a little *sweet milk, drawn from your left pap.*"*

AN AMERICAN OFFICER AT THE STAKE.

The following incident in the life of the late Colonel John M'Kinstry, is of a nature too interesting to be slightly passed over:

At the battle of 'The Cedars,' thirty miles above Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, *Col. M'Kinstry*,—then a captain in Patterson's regiment of Continental troops—being twice wounded, was taken prisoner by the Indians. The intrepidity of M'Kinstry, as a partizan, had rendered him alike the object of their fears and unforgiving resentment. The British officers were too much in dread of their Savage allies, on account of their vast superiority of numbers, to risk an interposition of their authority to prevent the horrid sacrifice they saw preparing. Already had the devoted victim been bound to the tree, and surrounded by the fagots intended for his immolation. Hope had fled, and, in the agony of despair, he had uttered that mystic appeal which the brotherhood of Masons never disregard. When—as if heaven had interposed for his preservation,—the chieftain, *Brandt*, understood him, and saved him.

* This '*sweet milk*, drawn from the *left* pap,' (on the supposition common to the great vulgar every where, that the heart lies on the *left* side), was neither more nor less than *ardent spirits*, to be given with a *good will*.—Ed.

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Brandt had been educated in Europe, and had there been initiated into the mysteries of Free Masonry. The advantages of education, and his native strength of mind, gave him an ascendancy over the uncultured sons of the forest, that few other Chiefs possessed. Situated as he was, the impending danger of a masonic brother must have forcibly brought to mind his obligation to support him, in the time of peril. His utmost endeavours were accordingly used; and they were, happily, successful in obtaining for him an immediate respite, and an eventual ransom.

SINGULAR EXECUTION OF AN INDIAN;

WHO AS SINGULARLY MET HIS FATE.

In March, 1823, a Choctaw Savage, calling himself Doctor Sibley, belonging to a wandering tribe of his nation, in the Arkansas Territory,—while in a state of intoxication, stabbed to the heart another Indian; who instantly expired. This act called for revenge, founded on the *lex taliones*—that invariable custom of the aborigines. A brother of the deceased called upon Sibley, and told him, that he was come to take his life, in atonement for the death of his brother. With the composure of a philosopher, and the courage of a Roman, Sibley—readily, and without a murmur—yielded assent; only desiring the execution might be postponed until the following morning. This was granted;—the execution was postponed—and Sibley *left at large, under no restraint whatever!*

When the morning came, Sibley went out with the rest of the party, and, with perfect apathy, aided in digging a grave for the murdered Indian. The work being finished, he calmly observed to the by-standers, that he thought it large enough to contain two bodies;—signifying, at the same time, a wish to be buried in the same grave. This, too, was granted: and the murderer deliberately took a standing position over the grave, with outstretched arms; and, giving the signal to fire, the brother drove a rifle ball through his heart—and he dropped into the hole he had assisted to make! Such are the wonderful workings o.

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the human mind, from impressions early instilled into it; as is the custom of savage life.

We are told nothing here of the *Death-Song*. But we are confident it must have taken place; as it is held indispensable under such circumstances.—Ed.

CRIMINAL PROSECUTION OF AN INDIAN.

The following—though not strictly within the pale of our '*Traits*'—may, nevertheless, prove of some service by becoming generally known.

Tom Graves, so called, an Indian of the Cherokee tribe, residing on the south side of the Arkansas River, was, in April, 1823, arraigned before the Supreme Court of the Arkansas Territory, charged with the murder of an Osage woman.

A plea in abatement was filed. The fact, as to the place where the murder was committed, and that it lay within the bounds of the country ceded to the Choctaw Indians, by treaty, was admitted by the United States counsel. Counsel for the prisoner read the treaty, to show that the country was, to all intents and purposes, Indian land; and, by virtue of an Act of Congress, of 1817, an offence committed by one Indian upon another Indian, within *any* Indian boundary, shall not be a subject of judicial investigation and punishment.

Counsel for the United States contended, that the cession to the Choctaws never having been *executed* by an *actual delivery* of possession on the part of the Government; and that citizens of the United States, over whom civil jurisdiction was exercised, had previous to said treaty resided, and still do reside, within the bounds of said cession; and, never having been removed by the Government of the United States, the sovereignty and dominion still was retained, and belonged to the Government: and that, in the space between the ratification of the treaty, and actual delivery, jurisdiction is extended over the ceded country, by the government *in possession*.

The Court was of opinion that, under the treaty, the right of soil was in the Choctaw Indians: but that our citizens, never having been removed by Government, were

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still, to all purposes, within the jurisdiction of its laws. But, in the present case, the prisoner being *an Indian*, and the offence committed *upon an Indian*—the *Indians* having the *right* of property in, and dominion over, the soil—it came within the law of 1817, and he could not be amenable to the civil authority of the United States.

Prisoner discharged.

THE LIAR;

OR, THE OUTCAST RESTORED TO CREDIT.

At a time when the writer of these 'Traits' visited St. Louis, then the metropolis of the Spanish Province of Upper Louisiana, he was informed by Mr. Augustin Chouteau, one of the Missouri Company, trading with the Indians, that, having ascended the Missouri upwards of twelve hundred miles (the furthest point then reached) he and his party were hospitably received by the Savages, who had never seen a White man before; and, to their admiration of the novel appearance, they added such marks of kindness as might be expected to result from the gratification arising from a visit so strange and so unexpected.

Several of the Savages came to the boats; and, inquiring for the Chief, Chouteau was pointed out. A buffalo robe was then spread upon the ground, and, without explanation or more ado, he was tossed into it, and borne off into the presence of the Indian Chief, by four stout fellows, who each grasped a corner of the skin. A bowl of water was now set before the guest, and he was desired to dip his hands into it, as did the Chief himself. This was in token of friendship and hospitality. Viands were next introduced: and, during the repast, Chouteau's attention was arrested by an Indian, apparently under a depression of mind that bespoke a feeling of self-abasement.

This Indian was named, or rather nicknamed, '*The Liar*.' Being asked how he came by that name, he answered, that, while a young man, he had travelled to a far country—pointing to the southwest;*—that he there met

* Probably California.—Ed.

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with a man in the woods, whose skin was black, and whose head was covered with wool, instead of hair; that on returning to his nation, and narrating the fact, no one would believe him:—"And thence," said he, "they have dubbed me '*The Liar.*'" To this Chouteau replied, "I could show you a hundred such men in my country." "Black and woolly?" exclaimed the Indian. "Yes; both black and woolly." Upon this, the poor degraded Savage was quite overcome with joy, to be thus restored to the credence and favour of his countrymen. Clapping his hands, he skipped and capered about like a frantic person.

In corroboration of the fact, the writer can add some information since received. Several years subsequent to the circumstance above stated (now 1821) George Shannon, Esq., at present of Lexington, Kentucky, and Attorney for the District of Kentucky, was a sergeant of the soldiers under Lewis and Clark, in their exploring expedition up the Missouri, and thence to the Pacific Ocean. Arriving at one of the Indian villages on that river (most likely the same one above alluded to) they there found an individual Savage, called *The Liar*—so difficult is it to cast off an epithet, however unmerited, when once fastened on the object by custom. This Savage, seeing among the boat's crew a *negro man*, exhibited emotions of joy similar to those already mentioned; and exclaimed, "Now our people can see and judge for themselves."

A CHIPPEWA SONG.

The following is a translation of an Indian Song, sung in a Council of the Chippewas, at Sault de St. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior.

On that day when our Heroes lay low, lay low;
On that day when our Heroes lay low,
I fought by their side, and thought, ere I died,
Just vengeance to take on the foe,
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

On that day when our Chieftains lay dead, lay dead;
On that day when our Chieftains lay dead;

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I fought, hand to hand, at the head of my band,
And here on my breast have I bled, have I bled;
And here on my breast have I bled.

Our Chiefs shall return no more, no more;
Our Chiefs shall return no more:
Nor their brothers in war, who can show scar for scar,
Like women their fate shall deplore, deplore;
Like women their fate shall deplore.

Five winters in hunting we'll spend, we'll spend,
Five winters in hunting we'll spend;
Then our youth, grown to men, to the war lead again;
And our days, like our fathers, we'll end, we'll end;
And our days, like our fathers, we'll end.

NATIONAL HONOUR VINDICATED.

In the Territory of Michigan, there is a Nation or Tribe of Savages, called *Fond-du-Lac*, from a river of that name in the country they occupy. These Indians were reproached by the neighbouring tribes, as wanting enterprise and spirit to meet an enemy. Such a stigma of cowardice could not but impress the young warriors with a resolution to wipe off the foul stain from their nation.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1820, the Fond-du-Lac Indians having been at war with the potent nation of Sioux —but now negotiating a peace with them—thirteen of their men secretly set out on an excursion against that nation, and penetrated far into their country. Unexpectedly, at night, they came upon a large party of Sioux, nearly one hundred in number, and immediately prepared for battle, notwithstanding the great inferiority of their force. The Sioux, entertaining sentiments of friendship, and a disposition for peace, were much surprised on learning the purpose of their visit. They endeavoured to dissuade the Fond-du-Lac's against a renewal of the war, after the pacific offers which had been made; advised them to return to their friends; and—admiring the spirit of the brave but rash little band—strongly urged them to forbear; since, should they persist in renewing hostilities, their destruction must be inevitable.

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The Fond-du-Lacs coolly replied, "we set out with a determination to fight the first enemy we should meet, however unequal to ours their numbers might be; and we should have entered your villages, had no enemy sooner appeared. We have resolved to show our brothers that the stigmas they have thrown upon our nation are unmerited and unjust. No men are braver than ours; and this we are desirous and ready to prove, though at the cost of our lives."

They now encamped a short distance from the Sioux; and, during the night, dug holes in the ground, to which they might retreat and fight to the last extremity. They appointed one of their number (the youngest) to post himself at a distance, and witness the struggle, till all of them should be killed: then to make his escape back to the tribe, and report the circumstances under which they had fallen.

Early in the morning they attacked the Sioux, in their camp; who, immediately sallying out, forced them back to the appointed retreat. They fought desperately, and, more than twice their own number were slain, before they lost their lives. Eight were tomahawked in the holes they had dug: the other four fell on the field. The thirteenth returned home, as instructed. The tribe mourned their loss: but, delighted with the unexampled bravery and patriotic self-devotion of their friends, they were happy in their grief.

INDIAN VERACITY.

The fact which follows, was published by Mr. John Adlum, in a 'National Intelligencer,' of 1825.

"*He once told a lie*"—was the emphatical expression of an Indian to me, in 1794, when I was attending to the surveying of a large body of lands in, what was then called, 'The French-Creek Country,' and West of the Alleghany River: and, as some of my people were killed by the Western Indians, I found it necessary, while the surveying was going on, to visit the Indian towns on the Alleghany River

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frequently:—they were inhabited by the Senekas. General Wayne was then on his way, with his army, to the Indian settlements on the Miami River of the Lake [Maumee R.]

One day, when I was at the Cornplanter's* town, the '*News-Spout*,' as it is called, was heard. All the Indians in the village immediately retired to their houses (and even their dogs went with them); when an old man went out to meet the person who brought the news, and to take him to the Long, or Council-House, where a fire was made and refreshments were carried to him, and time given for him to dress and paint himself, so as to appear decent.

When sufficient time had elapsed for the preparatives to be performed, the chiefs went first to the house; and, as the young men were following, I asked an Indian—who spoke English, and to whom (as he professed to be a priest, physician, and conjurer) I gave the name of Doctor—whether there was any impropriety in my going to hear the news. He said, "No"—and that, as I was received as a friend and visiter, all their houses were open to me: and if I did not go without any ceremony, it would appear as if *I doubted their words and hospitality;* which was considered as the greatest affront that could be put on an Indian. For that, if there was any secret business going on, they would inform me of it, in a friendly way; and then I might retire.

I accordingly went into the house with him; when the Chiefs immediately rose, and gave me a seat among them. All the Indians in the house were smoking their pipes when I came in; and the stranger was sitting opposite the Chiefs, in a seat, or rather a platform, by himself. The time appeared to me very long, as I was anxious to hear the news; being much interested in the event, as the Indians had been deliberating, whether or not they would permit me to continue surveying, or send me out of the country: and, what surprised me, was, that no one—contrary to their usual custom—asked him for the news; and I was at a loss to account for their conduct. Eventually, the Indian himself—after prefacing the business, with tell-

* In compliance with received custom, we retain here the orthography of this Chief's name; but must observe, at the same time, that the Indian name, literally translated, is *Cornplant.*—Ed.

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ing them, he had no doubt,—as they knew he had been to the West—they would be gratified in hearing his news. But no one appeared to signify his assent or negative. The Indian then gave an account of an affair between a convoy of Americans—who were carrying reinforcements and provisions to one of our frontier posts—and the Indians; and they had killed the commanding officer and a number of our men: and, after he had related all he had to say, no one asked for any particulars of the action, or for any corroborating circumstance; as I had formerly observed, they were particularly polite to strangers and visiters, and were very cautious to say or do any thing to hurt their feelings: and, soon after, the chiefs and other Indians began to leave the house.

I left the house with the Doctor; and, as soon as we had passed the door, I expressed my surprise to him, at the manner they treated the man who brought the news, as it was so different from any treatment I had before seen, when visited by strangers; and that I would thank him to inform me of the cause of it:—when he, without any hesitation, and with considerable emphasis, answered, "He once told a lie"—and continued: "*What that man said, may be so true; may be so not. We always listen to what a newsman has to say,—even when we know him to be a liar. But, whether we believe him or not, it is not our custom to let him know; or to say any thing on the subject: for, if we had asked him any questions about the fight, it would have been a great gratification to him; as he would have concluded some of the company did believe him: which is a thing we do not indulge any person in, who has once been guilty of telling a lie.*" And he concluded, by saying, "*He all one as dead.*"

THE AGED MUSKOGHEE, OR CREEK CHIEF.

The veneration and affection in which this aged Chief was held by the Muskoghee or Creek Indians—whose great length of years and experience had rendered him dear to his people—is thus described by Bartram, in his Florida Travels:—

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"When I was at Mucelassa-town," says he, "early one morning, at the invitation of the chief trader, we repaired to the public square, taking with us some presents for the Indian Chiefs. On our arrival, we took our seats in a circle of venerable men, around a fire in the centre of the area. Other citizens were continually coming in; and, amongst them, I was struck with awe and veneration at the appearance of a very aged man. His hair, what little he had, was as white as snow. He was conducted by three young men, one having hold of each arm, and the third behind, to steady him. On his approach, the whole circle saluted him, 'Welcome!' and made way for him. He looked smiling and cheerful as youth, though stone blind through extreme old age. He was the most ancient Chief in the town; and they all seemed to reverence him.

"Soon after the old man had seated himself, I distributed my presents; giving him a very fine handkerchief and a twist of choice tobacco—which passed through the hands of an elderly Chief, who sat next to him, telling him, that it was a present from one of their White brothers, lately arrived in the nation from Charleston. He received the present with a smile, and thanked me; returning the favour immediately with his own stone-pipe, and catskin of tobacco; and he complimented me with a long oration: the purport of which was, the value he set on the friendship of the Carolinians. He said, that when he was a young man, they had no iron hatchets, pots, hoes, knives, razors, nor guns: but that they then made use of their own stone axes, clay pots, flint knives, bows and arrows; and that he was the first man who brought the White people's goods into his town—which he did on his back, from Charleston, five hundred miles on foot; for they had no horses then among them."*

Of this aged Chief, Bartram also relates the following interesting anecdote:—"One morning, after his attendants had led him to the Council Fire, before seating himself, he thus addressed the people around him:

"You yet love me! What can *I* do to merit your regard? Nothing—I am good for nothing:—I cannot see to shoot

* This marks a surprising degree of longevity; for South Carolina was settled as early as 16—, and Bartram wrote in 17—.

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the buck, or hunt up the sturdy bear. I know I am a burden to you. I have lived long enough:—now let my spirit go. I want to see the warriors of my youth in the country of the Spirits—(baring his breast). Here is the hatchet—take it, and strike!"—They answered with one voice, "We will not;—we cannot;—we want you here."

REMINISCENCE OF TIMES GONE BY.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW YORK.

In the city of New York, 1789, General Knox, then Secretary at War, gave a dinner to a number of Indians, who had come on a mission from their nation to the President of the United States. A little before dinner was served up, two or three of the Sachems, with their Chief, or principal man, ascended to a balcony, which commanded a view of the city, the harbour, and Long Island. They remained but a short time, and returned apparently dejected —and especially the Chief. This was noticed by the Secretary; who said to him, "Brother! what has happened? You look sorry. Is there any thing to distress you?"— "I'll tell you, Brother," said the Chief: "I have been looking at your beautiful city; the great water; your fine country; and I see how you are situated. But I could not help reflecting, that this fine country, and that great water, were once ours. Our forefathers lived here: they enjoyed it as their own domain. It was a gift from the Great Spirit to them and their children. At length, the White people (meaning the Dutch) came in a great canoe, and only requested permission to tie it to a tree, lest the waters should carry it away. We consented. They next said, that some of their people were sick, and they were desirous to land them under the shade of the trees. Their desire was granted. The ice now came, and they could not go away: so they begged for a piece of ground, on which to build wigwams to shelter against the cold and storms of winter. This was also granted. They next asked for some corn, they promising to go away when the ice was gone. The corn was given. And, when the ice was gone, our fathers told

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them they must go away with their big canoe. But they pointed to their big guns around their wigwams, and said they would stay there, and we could not make them go away.

"Afterwards more came. They brought with them strong and maddening drink, of which the Red People became very fond. They persuaded the Red People to sell them some land. Finally, they drove them back, time after time, into the wilderness, far from the water, and fish, and oysters. They have destroyed the game; our people have wasted away; and now we live miserably and wretched: while you are enjoying our fine and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, Brother, and I cannot help it."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CREEKS.

The following Articles are copied from a manuscript '*Sketch of the Creek Nation*,' drawn up by Colonel Hawkins, United States Agent among the Creeks.—They are but a part of the MSS.

War.—This is always determined on by the Great Warrior. When the Micco (King) and Counsellors are of opinion the town has been injured, he lifts the war-hatchet against the nation that has injured them. But, as soon as it is taken up, the Micco and Counsellors may interfere, and, by their prudent counsels, stop it, and proceed to adjust the understanding by negotiation.

If the Great Warrior persist, and goes out, he is followed by all who are for war. It is seldom a town is unanimous; the nation never is: and, in the memory of the oldest man among them, it is not recollected that more than one half of the nation have been for war at the same time; or taken, as they express it, the War-Talk.

The Great Warrior, when he marches, gives notice where he shall encamp, and sets off, sometimes with one or two only. He fires off his gun, and sets up the war-whoop. This is repeated by all who follow him; and they are sometimes for one or two nights marching off.

Peace—is invariably concluded by the Micco and Coun-

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sellors; and Peace-talks are always addressed to the cabin of the Micco. In some cases, when the resentment of the warriors has run high, the Micco and Council have been embarrassed.

MARRIAGE.—A man who wants a wife, never applies in person. He sends his sister, his mother, or some of his female relations, to the woman he wishes to marry. They consult the brothers and uncle on the maternal side, and sometimes the father: but this is a compliment only; as his approbation, or opposition, is of no avail. If the party applied to, approve of the match, they answer accordingly to the woman who made the application. The bridegroom then gets together a blanket, and such other articles of clothing as he is able to do, and sends them by the females to the women of the family of the bride. If they accept them, the match is made, and the man may then go to her home as soon as he chooses. When he has built a cabin, made his crop, and gathered it in—made his hunt, brought home the meat, and put all this in the possession of his wife, the ceremony ends, and they are married: or, as they express it, *the woman is bound.* From the first going to the house of the woman, till the ceremony ends, he is completely in possession of her.

The law has been understood differently by some, who insist, that when they have helped the woman to plant her crop, the ceremony ends, and the woman is bound.

A man never marries in his own tribe.

DIVORCE—is at the choice of either of the parties. The man may marry again, as soon as he will; but the woman is bound till the *poosketeau** of that year is over—excepting in the cases of marriage and parting in the season, the man resides at the house of the woman, and has possession of her pending the marriage ceremony; in that case the woman is equally free to connect herself, as soon as she pleases.

[There is an inconsistency in the exception mentioned above; as, in such season, there can be no marriage. But the Chiefs, in their report on this article, mentioned it as an exception; and this practice in the cases of half marriage, prevails universally. As soon as a man goes to the

* What is *poosketeau?*—ED.

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house of his bride, he is in complete possession of her, till the ceremony ends; and during this period, the exception will apply.]

Marriage gives no right to the husband over the property of his wife: and, when they part, she keeps the children and property belonging to them.

ADULTERY—is punished by the female tribe of the husband. They collect, consult, and decree. If the proof is clear, and they determine to punish the offenders, they divide, and proceed to apprehend them. One goes to the house of the woman; the remainder to the family of the adulterer; or they go together, as may be decreed. They apprehend the offenders; beat them severely with sticks, and crop them. They cut off the hair of the woman—which they carry to the town-square in triumph. If they apprehend but one of the offenders, and the other escapes, they then go and take satisfaction from the nearest relation.* If both the offenders escape, and the tribe or family return home, and lay down the sticks, the crime is satisfied. *There is one family only, the Hotululghee, who can take up the sticks a second time.*† This crime is satisfied another way. If the parties offending absent themselves till the *poosketeau*, then all crimes are done away—except murder—and the bare mention of them, or any occurrence which brings them into recollection, is forbidden.

MURDER.—If murder is committed, the family and tribe alone have the right of taking satisfaction. They collect, consult, and decree. The rulers of the town, or nation, have nothing to do, or say, in the business.

The relatives of the murdered person consult first among themselves; and, if the case is clear, and their family, or tribe, be not likely to suffer by their decision, they determine on the case definitely. When the tribe may be effected by it, in a doubtful case, or an old claim for satisfaction, the family then consult with their tribe: and, when they have deliberated, and resolved on their satisfaction, they take the nearest of kin, or one of the family. In some cases, the family who have done the injury promise reparation: in which case, they are allowed reasonable time to

* A practice worthy of barbarians!—ED.
† Why is no reason assigned for a privilege so extraordinary?—ED.

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meet their promise:—and they are generally earnest of themselves in their endeavours to have the guilty put to death, to save an innocent person.

The right of judging and taking satisfaction being vested in the family or tribe, is the sole cause why their treaty stipulations, on this head, have never been executed. In like manner, a prisoner taken in war, is the property of the captor and his family; it being optional with the captor to kill or save at the time. This right must be purchased; and it is now the practice—introduced within a few years—for the nation to pay. It was brought about by the Agent for Indian Affairs; and he pays—on the orders of the Chiefs—out of the stipend allowed by the United States to the Creeks. Claims of this sort, of seventeen years' standing, where the prisoners have been delivered to the Chiefs, have been received, allowed, and paid.

[From the 'Port Folio.']

THE PROPHET OF THE ALLEGHANY.

In the year 1798, one of the missionaries to the Indians of the north-west was on his way from Tuscarora settlement to the Senekas. Journeying in pious meditation through the forest, a majestic Indian darted from its recesses, and arrested his progress. His hair was somewhat changed with age, and his face marked with the deep furrows of time; but his eye expressed all the fiery vivacity of youthful passion, and his step was that of a warrior in the vigour of manhood.

"White man of the ocean,* whither wanderest thou?" said the Indian. "I am travelling," replied the meek disciple of peace, "towards the dwellings of thy brethren, to teach them the knowledge of the ONLY TRUE GOD, and to lead them to peace and happiness." "To peace and hap-

* The Indians at first imagined that the White men originally sprang from the sea, and that they invaded their country because they had none of their own. They sometimes called them, in their songs, 'The froth, or white foam of the ocean;' and this name is still often applied contemptuously by the Savages of the north-west.

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ness!" exclaimed the tall Chief, while his eye flashed fire—"Behold the blessings that follow the footsteps of the White man! Wherever he comes, the nations of the woodlands fade from the eye, like the mists of the morning. Once over the wide forest of the surrounding world our people roamed in peace and freedom; nor ever dreamed of greater happiness than to hunt the beaver, the bear, and the wild deer. From the furthest extremity of the great deep came the White man, armed with thunder and lightning, and weapons still more pernicious. In war, he hunted us like wild beasts: in peace, he destroyed us by deadly liquors, or yet more deadly frauds. Yet a few moons had passed away, and whole nations of invincible warriors, and of hunters, that fearless swept the forest and the mountain, perish, vainly opposing their triumphant invaders, or quietly dwindled into slaves and drunkards—and their names withered from the earth. Retire, dangerous man! Leave us all we yet have left—our savage virtues, and our gods; and do not, in the vain attempt to cultivate a rude and barren soil, pluck up the few thrifty plants of native growth that have survived the fostering cares of the people, and weathered the stormy career of their pernicious friendship." The tall Chief darted into the wood, and the good missionary pursued his way with pious resolution.

He preached the only true Divinity, and placed before the eyes of the wondering Savages the beauty of holiness, &c.

* * * * * *

The awe-struck Indians, roused by these accumulated motives—many of them adopted the precepts of the missionary, as far as they could comprehend them; and, in the course of eighteen months, their devotion became rational, regular, and apparently permanent.

All at once, however, the little church, in which the good man was wont to pen his fold, became deserted. No votary came, as usual, to listen, with decent reverence, to the pure doctrines which they were thus accustomed to hear; and only a few solitary idlers were seen, of a Sunday morning, lounging about, and casting a wistful, yet fearful look, at their little peaceful, and now silent mansion.

The missionary sought them out, inquired into the cause of this mysterious desertion, and told them of the bitterness

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of hereafter to those who, having once known, abandoned the religion of the only true God. The poor Indians shook their heads, and informed him, that the Great Spirit was angry at their apostacy, and had sent a prophet from the summit of the Alleghany mountain, to warn them against the admission of new doctrines; that there was to be a great meeting of the old men soon, and the prophet would there deliver to the people the message with which he was entrusted. The zealous missionary determined to be present, and to confront the impostor, who was known by the appellation of *The Prophet of the Alleghany*. He obtained permission to appear at the council, and to reply to the prophet. The 12th of June 1802 was fixed for determining, whether the belief of their forefathers, or that of the White men, was the true religion.

The council-house not being large enough to contain so great an assemblage of people, they met in a valley west of Seneka Lake. This valley was then embowered under lofty trees. On almost every side it is surrounded with high rugged hills, and through it meanders a small river.

It was a scene to call forth every energy of the human heart. On a smooth level, near the bank of the slow stream, under the shade of a large elm, sat the chief men of the tribes. Around the circle which they formed, was gathered a crowd of wondering Savages, with eager looks, seeming to demand the TRUE GOD at the hands of their wise men. In the middle of the circle sat the aged and travel-worn missionary. A few gray hairs wandered over his brow; his hands were crossed on his bosom; and, as he cast his hope-beaming eye to heaven, he seemed to be calling, with pious fervour, upon the GOD OF TRUTH, to vindicate his own eternal word by the mouth of his servant.

For more than half an hour there was silence in the valley, save the whispering of the trees in the south wind, and the indistinct murmuring of the river. Then, all at once, a sound of astonishment passed through the crowd, and the Prophet of the Alleghany was seen descending one of the high hills. With furious and frenzied step he entered the circle; and, waving his hands in token of silence, the missionary saw, with wonder, the same tall Chief who, four years before, had crossed him in the Tuscarora forest. The same panther-skin hung over his shoulder; the same

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tomahawk quivered in his hand; and the same fiery and malignant spirit burned in his red eye. He addressed the awe-struck Indians—and the valley rung with his iron-voice.

"*Red Men of the Woods!* hear what the Great Spirit says to his children who have forsaken him!

"Through the wide regions that were once the inheritance of my people—and where, for ages, they roved as free as the wild winds—resounds the axe of the White man. The paths of your forefathers are polluted by their steps, and your hunting-grounds are every day wrested from you by their arts. Once, on the shores of the mighty ocean, your fathers were wont to enjoy all the luxuriant delights of the deep. Now, *you* are exiles in swamps, or on barren hills; and these wretched possessions you enjoy by the precarious tenure of the White man's will. The shrill cry of revelry or war, no more is heard on the majestic shores of the Hudson, on the sweet banks of the silver Mohawk. There, where the Indian lived and died, free as the air he breathed, and chased the panther and the deer from morn till evening—even there, the Christian slave cultivates the soil in undisturbed possession; and, as he whistles behind his plough, turns up the sacred remains of your buried ancestors. Have you not heard at evening, and sometimes in the dead of night, those mournful and melodious sounds that steal through the deep valleys, or along the mountain sides, like the song of echo? These are the wailings of those spirits whose bones have been turned up by the sacrilegious labours of the White men, and left to the mercy of the rain and the tempest. They call upon you to avenge them—they adjure you, by motives that rouse the hearts of the brave, to wake from your long sleep, and, by returning to these invaders of the grave the long arrears of vengeance, restore again the tired and wandering spirits to their blissful paradise far beyond the blue hills.*

"These are the blessings you owe to the Christians. They have driven your fathers from their ancient inherit-

* The answering voices heard from the caves and hollows, which the Latins call echo, *they* (the Indians) suppose to be the wailings of souls wandering through these places.—*Pietro Martire.*

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ance—they have destroyed them with the sword and poisonous liquors—they have dug up their bones, and there left them to blanch in the wind, and *now* they aim at completing your wrongs, and insuring your destruction, by cheating you into the belief of that divinity, whose very precepts they plead in justification of all the miseries they have heaped upon your race.

"Hear me, O deluded people, for the last time!—If you persist in deserting my altars—if still you are determined to listen with fatal credulity to the strange pernicious doctrines of these Christian usurpers—if you are unalterably devoted to your new gods and new customs—if you *will* be the friend of the White man, and the follower of his God—my wrath shall follow. I will dart my arrows of forked lightning among your towns, and send the warring tempests of winter to devour you. Ye shall become bloated with intemperance;—your numbers shall dwindle away, until but a few wretched slaves survive; and these shall be driven deeper and deeper into the wild—there to associate with the dastard beasts of the forest, who once fled before the mighty hunters of your tribe. The Spirits of your fathers shall curse you, from the shores of that happy island in the great lake, where they enjoy an everlasting season of hunting, and chase the wild deer with dogs swifter than the wind. Lastly, I swear by the lightning, the thunder, and the tempest, that, in the space of sixty moons, of all the Senekas, not one of yourselves shall remain on the face of the earth."

The prophet ended his message—which was delivered with the wild eloquence of real or fancied inspiration, and, all at once, the crowd seemed to be agitated with a savage sentiment of indignation against the good missionary. One of the fiercest broke through the circle of old men to despatch him, but was restrained by their authority.

When this sudden feeling had somewhat subsided, the mild apostle obtained permission to speak, in behalf of Him who had sent him. Never have I seen a more touching, pathetic figure, than this good man. He seemed past sixty; his figure tall and bending, his face mild, pale, and highly intellectual, and over his forehead, which yet displayed its blue veins, were scattered, at solitary distances, a few gray hairs. Though his voice was clear, and his action vigo-

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rous, yet there was that in his looks, which seemed to say his pilgrimage was soon to close for ever.

With pious fervour he described to his audience the glory, power, and beneficence of the Creator of the whole universe. He told them of the pure delights of the Christian heaven, and of the never-ending tortures of those who rejected the precepts of the Gospel.

And, when he had concluded this part of the subject, he proceeded to place before his now attentive auditors, the advantages of civilization, learning, science, and a regular system of laws and morality. He contrasted the wild Indian, roaming the desert in savage independence, now revelling in the blood of enemies, and, in his turn, the victim of their insatiable vengeance, with the peaceful citizen, enjoying all the comforts of cultivated life in this happy land; and only bounded in his indulgences by those salutary restraints, which contribute as well to his own happiness, as to that of society at large. He described the husbandman, enjoying, in the bosom of his family, a peaceful independence, undisturbed by apprehensions of midnight surprise, plunder, and assassination; and he finished by a solemn appeal to heaven, that his sole motive for coming among them, was the love of his Creator and of his creatures.

As the benevolent missionary closed his appeal, *Red Jacket*, a Seneka Chief of great authority, and the most eloquent of all his nation, rose and enforced the exhortations of the venerable preacher. He repeated his leading arguments, and—with an eloquence truly astonishing in one like him—pleaded the cause of religion and humanity. The ancient council then deliberated for nearly the space of two hours; after which the oldest man arose, and solemnly pronounced the result of their conference—"That the *Christian* God was more wise, more just, more beneficent and powerful, than the Great Spirit, and that the missionary who delivered his precepts, ought to be cherished as their best benefactor—their guide to future happiness."

When this decision was pronounced by the venerable old man, and acquiesced in by the people, the rage of the *Prophet of Alleghany* became terrible. He started from the ground, seized his tomahawk, and denouncing the speedy vengeance of the Great Spirit upon their whole re-

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creant race, darted from the circle with wild impetuosity, and disappeared in the shadows of the forest.

PETER OTSAQUETTE, THE ONEIDAN:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE FORCE OF EARLY HABIT.

Peter Otsaquette was the son of a man of consideration among the Oneida Indians of New York. At the close of the Revolutionary war, he was noticed by the Marquis de La Fayette, who, to a noble zeal for liberty, united the most philanthropic feelings. Viewing, therefore, this young savage with peculiar interest, and anticipating the happy results to be derived from his moral regeneration, he took him, though scarcely twelve years old, to France. Peter arrived at that period when Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette were in the zenith of their glory. There he was taught the accomplishments of a gentleman;—music, drawing, and fencing, were made familiar to him, and he danced with a grace that a Vestris could not but admire. At about eighteen, his separation from a country in which he had spent his time so agreeably and so profitably, became necessary. Laden with favours from the Marquis, and the miniatures of those friends he had left behind, Peter departed for America—inflated, perhaps, with the idea, that the deep ignorance of his nation, with that of the Indians of the whole continent, might be dispelled by his efforts, and he become the proud instrument of the civilization of thousands.

Prosecuting his route to the land of his parents, he came to the city of Albany; not the uncivilized savage, not with any of those marks which bespoke a birth in the forest, or years spent in toiling the wilds of a desert, but possessing a fine commanding figure, an expressive countenance, an intelligent eye, with a face scarcely indicative of the race from which he was descended. He presented, at this period, an interesting spectacle: a child of the wilderness was beheld about to proceed to the home of his forefathers, having received the brilliant advantages of a cultivated mind, and on his way to impart to the nation that

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owned him, the benefits which civilization had given him. It was an opportunity for the philosopher to contemplate, and to reflect on the future good this young Indian might be the means of producing.

Shortly after his arrival in Albany—where he visited the first families—he took advantage of Governor Clinton's journey to Fort Stanwix (where a treaty was to be held with the Indians), to return to his tribe. On the route, Otsaquette amused the company (among whom were the French Minister, Count de Moustiers, and several gentlemen of respectability) by his powers on various instruments of music. At Fort Stanwix, he found himself again with the companions of his early days, who saw and recognized him. His friends and relations had not forgotten him, and he was welcomed to his home and to his blanket.

But that which occurred soon after his reception, led him to a too fearful anticipation of an unsuccessful project; for the Oneidas, as if they could not acknowledge Otsaquette, attired in the dress with which he appeared before them,—a mark which did not disclose his nation,—and, thinking that he had assumed it, as if ashamed of his own native costume, the garb of his ancestors, they tore it from him with a savage avidity, and a fiend-like ferociousness, daubed on the paint to which he had been so long unused, and clothed him with the uncouth habiliments held sacred by his tribe. Their fiery ferocity, in the performance of the act, showed but too well the bold stand they were about to take against the innovations they supposed Otsaquette was to be the agent for affecting against their immemorial manners and customs, and which, from the venerable antiquity of their structure, it would be nothing short of sacrilege to destroy.

Thus the reformed savage was taken back again to his native barbarity, and—as if to cap the climax of degradation to a mind just susceptible of its own powers—was *married to a squaw!*

From that day, Otsaquette was no longer the accomplished Indian, from whom every wish of philanthropy was expected to be realized. He was no longer the instrument by whose power the emancipation of his countrymen from the thraldom of ignorance and superstition, was to be effected. From that day, he was again an inmate with the

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forest; was once more buried in his original obscurity, and his nation only viewed him as *an equal.* Even a liberal grant from the State, failed of securing to him that superior consideration among them which his civilization had procured for him with the rest of mankind. The commanding pre-eminence acquired from instruction, from which it was expected ambition would have sprung up, and acted as a double stimulant, from either the natural inferiority of the savage mind, or the predetermination of his countrymen—became of no effect, and, in a little time, was wholly annihilated. Otsaquette was lost! His moral perdition began from the hour he left Fort Stanwix. Three short months had hardly transpired, when Intemperance had marked him as her own, and soon hurried him to the grave. And, as if the very transition had deadened all the finer feelings of his nature, the picture given him by the Marquis—the very portrait of his affectionate friend and benefactor himself—he parted with!!*

Extraordinary and unnatural as the conduct of this educated savage may appear, the anecdote is not of a kind altogether unique; which proves, that little or nothing is to be expected from conferring a literary education upon those Children of the Forest:—An Indian, named George White-Eyes, was taken, while a boy, to the college at Princeton, where he received a classical education. On returning to his nation, he made some little stay in Philadelphia, where the writer of these sheets saw him, and introduced him to some genteel families. He was amiable in his manners, and of modest demeanour, without exhibiting any trait of the savage whatever; but, no sooner had he rejoined his friends and former companions, in the land of his nativity, than he dropped the garb and manners of civilization, and resumed those of the savage, and, drinking deep of their intoxicating cup, soon put a period to his existence.

Many other instances might be adduced, to show how ineffectual have been the attempts to plant civilization on savage habits, by means of *literary* education—'Can the leopard change his spots?'

* Similar to this, was the conduct of Makawitta, with a lady's present of a ring. *See page* 64, *under the caption*, 'GALLANTRY OF A SAVAGE.'—ED.

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INDIAN ELOQUENCE,

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

In the summer of 1811, certain Indians had committed some gross outrages in the Illinois country, which greatly alarmed the frontier settlements in Ohio. To quiet their fears, the Indian agent, John Johnston, Esq., was induced to invite the Shawanoes and Wyandots to meet him in public council, at Piqua, in the county of Miami. A deputation from each of those tribes, with a chief of the Senekas, in all fifty persons, assembled there accordingly; when, in reply to the agent's address, CAPTAIN LEWIS, chief of the Shawanoe village, at Stony Creek, made the following speech:

"*My Friends! listen to my words!*—We have come here this day, to declare our good wishes to the Whites, to ratify all the treaties that have been made between us. GOD has appointed this day for the purpose. We request that the President of the United States may know these our sentiments. What I now say, is from the mouths of us all; although the Delawares, Ottoways, and Mingoes are not here, what I say, stands good for all. I feel great pleasure and satisfaction, to stand here as a messenger of peace; all that we say, is for peace and friendship with the Whites. I have no more to say."

THE BLACKHOOF, Orator of the Shawanoes, now spoke as follows:*

"*My Friends!*—I have not much to say. The Great Spirit commands us all to live in harmony and peace. He has given us this pipe of peace, and this tobacco to smoke (here he handed the pipe of peace to the agent, and the principal spectators, to smoke). About this time yesterday, we met on this ground, and listened to your words all day. We have all paid attention to them. We have ga-

* This speech has but little to recommend it, on the score of elocution; and much of it is common-place stuff; but the papers that follow under the same head, 'INDIAN ELOQUENCE,' will amply compensate for any deficiency here.—ED.

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thered here, according to your desire. Our council fire is kindled at Fort Wayne, but we have come hither to show our good will one to another. I feel happy and great satisfaction at standing here this day in the garment of peace. We feel happy and well satisfied at what was said yesterday; all our young men feel satisfied at the prospect of enjoying peace. I feel sorry to relate some things I am about to relate at this time;—you are acquainted with what I am about to say. The prophet's usual place of abode was at Greenville; it was there he first told the Indians that God Almighty had spoken to him; it was there he gathered the Indians around him.

Since, he has removed from Greenville, and seated himself on the Wabash. It has been his usual practice, and it is his duty, to gather the Indians about him, for bad purposes, and I believe he will continue to do so. It is he who has been the principal cause of all the mischief that has been done. It is his practice to gather all the bad Indians he can; he goes about among them to poison their minds. That war is the object of his pursuit, we know. All you have related about the prophet taking the salt, is a stubborn truth. In the purchase of land you made of the Indians at Fort Wayne, two years ago, we know you used no deception in it, it was a fair purchase; and that all that you have related on that subject, was the truth. We paid attention to what you said respecting the purchase, and it was through the prophet's influence the Indians refused to receive the annuities due for their land. All that you told us about the different treaties, from the treaty of Muskingum, down to the present time, is true; it is also true what you have told us about the Quakers. Now pay attention to what we say;—we acknowledge the justness of your address, concerning agriculture; we know the necessity of it; we consider ourselves as one man, on that head. It is hard and difficult for us to manage our bad people. We have no power over the prophet, to do any thing with him. We have done our best with him, and all to no purpose; we have no intercourse nor connexion with him; you know you cannot manage *your* bad people; you know he has turned a deaf ear to all the President of the United States has said to him. It is, therefore, utterly out of our power to do any thing with him.

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"We are determined to pay no regard to any thing, but the study of peace: that we will cherish. Have pity on our women and children: clothe, feed, and take care of them. The Delawares, Ottawas, Wyandots, Senekas, and Miamies, are of the same mind with us. It is not in the heart or mind of one of us to pursue any thing but peace with the Whites, for the good of our women and children. When we take into consideration our rising generation, we are satisfied that nothing but peace will make them prosperous and happy. We are standing here, and view ourselves as one man with the Whites:—the treaties have always considered us as Americans; and we look upon ourselves to be such now. We are dropped upon one island; and we ought to be bound in the ties of friendship. Your interest and ours are inseparable. It would be duplicity in us to hide or conceal any evil thing that is coming on you; and we thank you for that part of your speech to us yesterday. The advice of the Americans to us, has, for a long time, been good: but never was brought into effect, until now. You may depend upon it, if we know of any mischief coming on you, we will give you early information of it, as we consider your interest and ours the same. At the same time, some distant Indians might injure you, without our knowing it. If we see only the smallest prospect of danger—even like the whistle of a bird—against you, you may depend on receiving information of it. We feel determined on living at the place we now reside at—we have not, at this time, the most distant idea of going any where else. The Wyandots are all one with us. They are determined on residing at their habitation. We are near neighbours, close together; and that ought to be the strongest motive for us to live in the ties of friendship.

"If a war breaks out between you and Great Britain, we are determined to follow your advice on that subject. If we should join the English, it would only involve us in difficulties. Your advice to us yesterday was to remain neutral:—that part we are determined to follow. We have already tried the British, and found they left us in difficulties. At the same time, if the British offer us presents of goods, we will receive them—but no further. We are all sitting here together with you, and the British are at a

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great distance; and that is a great reason that friendship should continue between you and us. As the treaty entered into at Greenville, leaves us the liberty of hunting on these lands, we are glad you mentioned that to us yesterday; and we wish to use that privilege as friends and neighbours. The young men will hunt, while there is any game; and it is right for them to come among you as friends—and we request you to publish this, for the information of our White brethren. We are sorry—and our feelings have often been hurt—at the Whites ordering us not to hunt on their lands, although we behaved ourselves peaceably. Game will not be plenty long, and then our young men will be done coming among you. We expect, when our young men come in, they will be used as brothers —not as strangers; and that, when they are in want, provisions will be given to them. You must not be suspicious of any of us coming in among you, or of the Miamies—we speak for them, as well as for ourselves.

"In your speech, yesterday, you told us, the President of the United States expended more money on us than on his White children; and that he had our happiness next to his heart; and that the Quakers wished to assist us. What you said to us yesterday concerning the Quakers, we believe is entirely true; and we want them to come on and assist us as soon as possible:—and of this we request you to inform them immediately. You told us, yesterday, that the President would enable us to have our children educated, if we were so inclined. It is true, that God has made us all. There is only one Great Father, and there is no difference in His eyes respecting the colour of skins. The Great Spirit has made our frames, and, at the same time, has given us organs to praise Him with—so has He done with the Whites. As God has so made us, and that you are so superior in information to us, it appears to be your wish that we should partake of the same knowledge and learning that you have. We do not feel to have the least objection to it. We feel entirely willing that our children should be educated. By this means we will all grow into one solid branch, and our friendship will become more united, until we all land in heaven together.

"For a long time we have not taken into view our bad acts, and the evil that whisky was doing among us. The

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President of the United States, and yourself, have often cautioned us against this evil—we never took it to heart before. We have had a consultation respecting this evil, and are now all of one mind—men, women, and children—and are determined to *knock in the heads of all kegs brought to our towns.* The trade has been carried on by smuggling. We will now make our people tell the names of the persons and the places where they get the whisky, in order that they may be made known among the Whites. It is the sole desire of all the chiefs here present, that you, and all the White people, would do your best endeavours to stop our people from getting any whisky in future. We will use our endeavours with you to stop all the roads, that whisky may not reach us. We are now opening our eyes from the evil: we still have the Treaty of Greenville in our minds, and have the paper in our hands.

"When we were at the federal city, we took the President by the hand—never to be separated: he never was to draw his hand out of ours, nor ours out of his—that our friendship never was to cease;—and, if we drew our hands out of his, it was a final separation, and never to be united again. The President desired us to take no thought for any thing but peace—never to give our minds up to war, or destroying our fellow creatures. He told us to pay no attention to any bad men, or their advice; to be industrious, and to live in peace. This advice was to the Wyandots and all the Indians. These papers were given to us, and we were requested to pay the strictest attention to what they contained."

[Here the speaker handed the agent sundry letters and speeches from the President of the United States, and the Secretary of War, written at different periods; recommending to the Indians peace and friendship, and to cultivate the soil for a support; and offering to assist them in learning such of the domestic arts as were suited to their present condition.]

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TECUMSEH;*

WHEN A YOUTH.

The 'Prophet,' who occupies so much of the foregoing speech, was brother to this famous chieftain, and the instigator of the Indian War, which began in the summer of 1812.

It has somewhere been observed, that "every circumstance relating to this extraordinary man will be read with interest." We believe it, and therefore proceed with the following account, which appeared in a western periodical of 1826.

"About thirty years ago (as the writer received the narrative from Captain Thomas Bryan, of Kentucky) the said Bryan was employed as a surveyor of the Virginia Military Lands, north-west of the Ohio river. While engaged in completing a chain of surveys, extending from the head waters of Brush Creek to those of Paint Creek (now the central part of the state of Ohio), his provisions became scant, and at length entirely exhausted. He directed his hunter—who had been unsuccessful on a recent excursion—to make another attempt to procure subsistence, and to meet him at a particular point then designated; where, after closing the labour of the day, he should encamp with his chain-men and marker.

"Towards evening, the men became exhausted with hunger. They were in the heart of a solitary wilderness, and every circumstance was calculated to produce the greatest dejection of spirit. After making great exertions to reach the point designated, where they were to encamp upon their arrival, they met their hunter, who had been again unsuccessful. Feeling for himself and his comrades

* We follow here the orthography in use among us. But, for the *real* name (of which this seems an abbreviation), and some interesting particulars of Tecúmseh's life, we must refer to a *Note* at the end of this paper. He was a man of such extraordinary bravery, and powers of mind, as to render him conspicuous above all other his fellow-natives. He fell in the war that ensued, a *Brigadier* in the British service.—Ed.

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ption of a noble heart, he was alarmed for their The hunter declared he had used every exer- ursuit of game, but all his attempts were of no at the whole forest appeared to him to be entirely destitute both of birds and beasts! Under these awful apprehensions of starvation, he knew that it would be a vain attempt to reach the settlement;—he trembled, and shed tears. Captain Bryan, at this critical juncture, felt his spirits roused at the reflection of their desperate situation; he thrust his jacob-staff in the earth, and ordered his men to prepare a camp, and make a good fire; he seizes the gun and ammunition of the unsuccessful hunter, and darted forth in pursuit of game. The weather had become exceedingly cold, for it was in the depth of winter—every rivulet was bound in ice. He had not proceeded far before he was gratified with the cheering sight of three elks, making towards him. He succeeded in killing two; and, shortly after, a bear. He now called for his men, and ordered his game to be carried to the camp. No one, but those similarly situated, can conceive the feelings excited on such an occasion.

But, perilous as the situation of the surveyor and his party might appear, there were others who were threatened with the like appalling distress. Three or four Indians, who had been out on a hunting excursion, hearing the report of Captain Bryan's gun, made immediately in that direction, and had arrived at the camp before Bryan returned. On his appearance there, they informed him, as well as they could (some of them speaking a little English), of their wretched situation. They told him that, for three days, their whole party had subsisted on one skunk, and that was exhausted. They described the absence of the game, in the language of the hunter, as if "the whole forest was entirely destitute both of *birds* and *beasts*." They were informed by Captain Bryan, that he had plenty for himself, his men, and themselves; desired them to fix their camp, make a good fire, and assist his men in flaying the bear and elks, which were now brought into camp—and then to cut, carve, and cook for themselves. Their very looks were expressive of the joy they now felt for a deliverance so unexpected—nor did they spare the provisions. Their hunger was such, that, as soon as one round

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was served, another—another—and another, in succession—was greedily devoured.

A fine-looking, tall, dignified savage, then approached the surveyor's camp—rather young in appearance than otherwise. He very gracefully stepped up to Captain Bryan (who was now reposing in his camp, on account of rheumatism, occasioned by his recent exposure), and informed him, that the old man in his camp was a Chief; that he felt under great obligations to the Great and Good Spirit for so signal an interposition in their favour; that he was about to make a prayer, and address the Good Spirit, and thank him: that it was the custom, on such occasions, for the Indians to stand up in their camp; and that his Chief requested the captain and his men, to conform, in like manner, by standing up in *their* camp. The captain replied, that his men would all conform, and order should be preserved; but, as for himself, his affliction would compel him to keep his seat—but this must not be construed into disrespect. The captain remarked to me, that he was not himself a religious character, though a man of feeling.

"The old Chief raised himself upon his feet, as did those around him; and, lifting up his hands, commenced his prayer and thanksgiving with an audible voice. And such an address to Deity, on such an occasion—as far as I could understand him—I never before heard flow from mortal lips! The tone—the modulation of his voice—the gestures—all corresponded to make a very deep impression upon us. In the course of his thanksgiving—as I gathered from the Indians—he recapitulated the doleful situation in which they were so recently placed—the awful horrors of starvation, with which they were threatened—the vain attempts they had made to procure food, until He, the Great and Good Spirit, had sent that good White man, and had crowned his exertions with success; and so directed him and them to meet, and to find plenty." Who can fully describe the abundant overflowings of a grateful heart? He continued in this vehement strain for about half an hour, "when," remarked Captain B., "my own men, reflecting on their own recent situation, retrospecting what had taken place, and beholding the pious gratitude of a 'Child of the Forest,' feeling the same sensations, they were melted into tenderness—if not into tears."

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The person who so gracefully addressed Captain Bryan, in behalf of his Chief, was TECUMSEH.

NOTE.—Tecúmseh, the son of Black Fish, was a sprightly boy, very active, dexterous with his bow and arrow, and of a discriminating mind. Mr. Kelly, of Kentucky, a Baptist preacher (from whom this account was taken), was a prisoner among the Indians for five years, and resided, it is thought, with Black Fish's family. He knew Tecúmseh, and his brother, the Prophet, when about ten or twelve years of age. He states, that the former was then called Tecúmsekeh (the Shooting Star), and adds, that, at the time of his death, in 1813, he could not be more than about forty-five or forty-eight years of age. The writer heard Tecúmseh speak in Council, in 1807, and then took down a short sketch of his speech, which went the rounds of the newspapers. The writer then predicted (for he saw the workings of his mighty mind) what came to pass—that the Indians were as capable of carrying on their intrigues as the Whites; and that Tecúmseh would be the cause of trouble. Tecúmseh was about six feet high,* spare, and slender made, a small head, small cheek, small, but piercing eyes. When roused, or animated in debate, the veins of his retreating forehead would swell to an unusual size. He was graceful in his address, and reserved in his manner. His whole deportment manifested a great, but an ambitious man.

Tecúmseh was not only an accomplished commander, but also an able statesman and orator, and of a proud independent spirit. Among the many strange, and some strongly characteristic events in his life, a Council which General Harrison held at Vincennes with the Indians, in 1811, affords a notable instance of the sublimity which sometimes distinguished his eloquence. The chiefs of some tribes had come to complain of a purchase of lands that had been made from the Kickapoos. This Council effected nothing, but broke up in confusion, in consequence of Tecúmseh calling General Harrison a *liar*. It was in the progress of the long *talks* that took place in the conference that Tecúmseh—having finished one of his speeches—looked around, and seeing every one seated, while no seat was prepared for him, a momentary frown passed over his countenance. Instantly General Harrison ordered a chair to be given him. Some person presented one, and said, "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." Tecúmseh's dark eye flashed. "My father!" he exclaimed, indignantly extending his arm towards the heavens—"The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. She gives me nourishment, and I repose upon her bosom." As he ended, he sat down suddenly upon the ground.†

* About five feet six inches. Having broken his leg, he limped, and was known among his people by the name of *Broken Thigh*.—T. S. HINDE.

† Tecumseh was killed by R. M. Johnson, in the battle of the Thames.

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SAGOUA-HAH; alias RED JACKET.

At a Council of Indians, held on Buffalo Creek, in the spring of 1811, application was made for the purchase of their rights to certain reservations of lands, lying within the territory, commonly called '*The Holland Purchase.*' The application was answered by a speech from a Chief of the Seneka nation, named *Sagoua-Hah,** (*i. e. The Keeper awake*), but whom the Whites call *Red Jacket.* It was delivered with great emphasis; and which, together with another that follows it, may be accounted literary curiosities.

"Brother!

"We opened our ears to the talk you lately delivered to us at our Council Fire. In doing important business, it is best not to tell long stories, but to come to it in a few words. We, therefore, shall not repeat your talk, which is fresh in our minds. We have thoroughly considered it, and the advantages and disadvantages of your offers. We claim your attention to our answer; which is not from the speaker alone, but from all the Sachems and Chiefs now around our Council Fire.

"Brother!

"We know that great men, as well as great nations, have different interests, have different minds, and do not see the same object in the same light—but, we trust, our answer will be agreeable to you and your employers.

"Brother!

"Your application for the purchase of our lands is, in our minds, very extraordinary: it has been made in a crooked manner: you have not walked in the straight path pointed out by the Great Council of your nation. You have no writings from your Great Father—the President. In making up our minds, we have looked back, and remember how the Yorkers purchased our lands in former times. They bought them piece after piece, for a

* In another account we found this name spelled *Sagu-yu-what-Hah;* to which, however, was assigned the same meaning in English.—Ed.

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little money, paid to a few men in our nation, and not to all our brethren, until our planting and hunting-grounds have become very small; and, if we sell *them*, we know not where to spread our blankets.

"Brother!

"You tell us your employer has purchased of the Council of Yorkers a right to buy our lands. We do not understand how this can be. The lands do not belong to the Yorkers: they are ours, and were given to us by the Great Spirit.

"Brother!

"We think it strange that you should jump over the lands of our brethren in the East, to come to our Council Fire, so far off, to get our lands. When we sold our lands in the East, to the White people, we determined never to sell those we kept;—which are as small as we can live comfortably on.

"Brother!

"You want us to travel with you, and look for new lands. If we should sell our lands, and move off into a distant country towards the setting sun, we should be looked upon, in the country to which we go, as foreigners and strangers, and be despised by the Red, as well as by the White men; and we should soon be surrounded by the White people, who will there also kill our game, come upon our lands, and try to get them from us.

"Brother!

"We are determined not to sell our lands; but to continue on them. We like them—they are fruitful, and produce us corn in abundance, for the support of our women and children, and grass and herbs for our cattle.

"Brother!

"*At the treaties held for the purchase of our lands, the White men—with sweet voices, and smiling faces—told us they loved us, and that they would not cheat us; but that the king's children, on the other side of the lake, would cheat us. When we go on the other side of the*

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lake, the king's children tell us your people will cheat us. These things puzzle our heads;—and we believe the Indians must take care of themselves, and not trust either in your people or in the king's children.

"Brother!

"At a late Council, we instructed our agents to tell you, that we would not sell our lands; and we think you have not spoken to our agents, or they would have told you so, and we should not have met you at our Council Fire at this time.

"Brother!

"The White people buy and sell false rights to our lands; and your employers have, you say, paid a great price for their rights. They must have a plenty of money, to spend it in buying false rights to lands belonging to Indians. The loss of it will not hurt them: but our lands are of great value to us; and we wish you to go back with our talk to your employers, and to tell them and the Yorkers, that they have no right to buy and sell false rights to our lands.

"Brother!

"We hope you clearly comprehend the ideas we have offered. This is all we have to say."

Substance of a *most singular* '*Talk*,' delivered at Le Maiouitinong, entrance of Lake Michigan, by the Indian Chief *Le Maigouis*, or *The Trout*, in March 1807; as coming from the 'FIRST MAN WHOM GOD CREATED:'—Addressed, through Le Maigouis, "to all the different tribes of Indians."

Le Maigouis, holding in his hand eight strings of old wampum—four white, and four blue—delivered an address, based altogether on superstition, and the most barefaced falsehoods. It was substantially as follows:*

* We know not to whom *here* the speech was particularly addressed.—ED.

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"Brothers!

"These strings of wampum come from the Great Spirit. Do not despise them—for he knows every thing. They are to go all round the earth—till they are lost. They were sent to you by the *First Man* he created, with these words:

"Children!

"I was asleep when the Great Spirit, addressing himself to another spirit, said—'I have closed *my Book of Accounts with Man*, and am going to destroy the earth. But first I will awaken from the sleep of the dead, the first man I created. He is wise—and let us hear if he has aught to say.' He then awoke me, and told me what he was about to do.*

"I looked round the world, and saw my *Red Children* had greatly degenerated—that they had become scattered and miserable. When I saw this, I was grieved on their account, and asked leave of the Great Spirit to come and see if I could reclaim them. I implored the Great Spirit to grant, in case they should listen to my voice, that the world might yet subsist for the period of three full lives—and my request was granted.

"Now, therefore, my Children, listen to my voice! It is that of the Great Spirit himself!—If you hearken to my counsel, and follow my instructions, in *four years* there will be *two days of darkness;* during which I shall travel unseen through the land, and cause the animals—such as they were formerly, when I created them—to come forth out of the earth. The Great Spirit bids me address you in his own words—which are these:

"My Children!

"You are to have very little intercourse with the Whites. They are not your 'Father,' as you call them—but your brethren. *I am your Father.* When you call me so, you do well—I am the Father of the English: but of the French, of the Spaniards, and of the Indians, I created the first man—who was the common father of all these people, as well as yourselves: and it is through him, whom I have awakened from his long sleep, that I now address you.

* For a further illustration of the inventive powers of Indians, see p. 50.—Ed.

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But the *Americans* I did not make—they are not my children—but the children of the Evil Spirit—*they grew from the scum* or *froth of the great water, when it was troubled by the Evil Spirit;* and the froth was driven into the woods by a strong east wind.* They are numerous, but *I hate them. They are unjust: they have taken away your lands—which were not made for them.*

"My Children!

"The Whites I placed on the other side of the great lake, that they might be a separate people. To them I gave different manners, customs, animals, vegetables, &c., for their use. To them I have given cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry, for themselves only. You are not to keep any of these animals, nor to eat of their meat. To you I have given the deer, the bear, the buffalo, and all wild animals; and the fish that swim in the rivers, and the corn that grows in the fields, for your own use; and you are not to give your meat or your corn to the Whites to eat.

"My Children!

"You may salute the Whites when you meet them, but must not shake hands. You must not get drunk—it is a great sin. Your old men and Chiefs may drink a little pure spirits—such as comes from Montreal; but you must not drink *one drop of whisky.* It is the drink of the Evil Spirit. It was not made by me, but by the Americans. It is poison. It makes you sick. It burns your insides. Neither are you, on any account, to eat bread:—it is the food of the *Whites.*

"My Children!

"You must plant corn for yourselves, for your wives, and for your children; and when you do it, you are to help each other: but plant no more than is necessary for your own use. You must not sell it to the Whites. It was not made for them. I made all the trees of the forest for your use—but the maple I love best, because it yields sugar for your little ones. You must make it only for them; but sell none to the Whites. They have another sugar, which was made expressly for them. Besides, by making too

* See note, p. 85.

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much, you spoil the trees, and give them pain, by cutting and hacking them; *for they have a feeling like yourselves.* If you make more than is necessary for your own use, you shall die, and the maple will yield no more water. If a White man is starving, you may sell him a very little corn, or a very little sugar; but it must be by measure and by weight.

"My Children!

"You are indebted to the White traders; but you must pay them no more than *one half of their credits; because they have cheated you.* You must pay them in skins, gums, canoes, &c.; but not in meat, corn, or sugar. You must not dress like the Whites, nor wear hats like them; but pluck out your hair, as in ancient times, and wear the feather of the eagle on your heads; and, when the weather is not severe, you must go naked, excepting the breech-cloth: and when you are clothed, it must be in skins, or leather, of your own dressing.

"My Children!

"You complain that the animals of the forest are few and scattered. How should it be otherwise? You destroy them yourselves, for their skins only, and leave their bodies to rot, or give the best pieces to the Whites. I am displeased when I see this, and take them back to the earth, that they may not come to you again. You must kill no more animals than are necessary to feed and clothe you; and you are to keep but one dog; because, by keeping too many, you starve them.

"My Children!

"Your women must not live with traders, or other White men, unless they are lawfully married. But I do not like even this; because *the White and my Red Children* were thus marked with different colours, that they might be separate people."

[Here follow certain regulations concerning *Courtship* and *Marriage;* also some things respecting women, at certain periods, which are too minutely detailed to be repeated. The Great Spirit also directs them all to bathe at certain times, in order to wash away their sins. Upon the

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observance of which regulations, they are to be pardoned four times for the same offence—such as stealing, getting drunk, or the like: "But the fifth time," says the Great Spirit—"you shall surely die!"]

A MISSIONARY FROM BOSTON TO THE SIX NATIONS.

In the summer of 1805, the Boston Missionary Society sent a member of their body on a mission to the Six Nations, to attempt their conversion to Christianity. Having obtained an audience, and explained the motives of his visit, he thus addressed them:

"Brothers!

"I have not come to get your lands or your money, but to enlighten your minds, and to instruct you to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind and will, and to preach to you the Gospel of his Son, Jesus Christ. There is but one religion, and but one way to serve God, and, if you do not embrace the right way, you cannot be happy hereafter. You have never worshipped the Great Spirit in a manner acceptable to him, but have, all your lives, been in great errors and darkness. To endeavour to remove these errors, and open your eyes, so that you might see clearly, is my business with you.

"Brothers!

"I wish to talk with you, as one friend talks with another; and, if you have any objections to receive the religion which I preach, I wish you to state them, and I will endeavour to satisfy your minds, and remove the objections.

"Brothers!

"I want you to speak your minds freely, for I wish to reason with you on the subject, and, if possible, remove all doubts, if there be any on your minds. The subject is an important one, and it is of consequence that you give it an early attention, while the offer is made you. Your friends, the Boston Missionary Society, will continue to send you good and faithful ministers, to instruct and

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strengthen you in religion, if, on your part, you are willing to receive them.

"Brothers!

"Since I have been in this part of the country, I have visited some of your small villages, and talked with your people. They appear willing to receive instruction, but, as they look to you as their elder brothers in council, they want first to know your opinion on the subject.

"You have now heard what I have to propose at present. I hope you will take it into consideration, and give an answer before we part."

[After about two hours consultation among themselves, the Chief, whom the Whites call RED JACKET, stood up, and in behalf of the assembled Indians, shrewdly replied as follows:]

"Friend and Brother!

"It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, so that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, so that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favours, we thank the Great Spirit—and HIM *only*.

"Brother!

"This council-fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you now as one man;—our minds are agreed.

"Brother!

"You say you want an answer to your talk, before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are at a great distance from home, and *we do not wish to detain you;* but we will look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the White people.

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'Brother!—Listen to what we say!

"There was a time when our fathers owned this *Island.** Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals, for food. He had made the bear and beaver—their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He harrowed the earth, to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his Red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting-ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But *an evil day* came upon us—your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island—their numbers were small. They found friends, not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country, for fear of wicked men, and come here to enjoy their own religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat, they gave us poison—(alluding, probably, to ardent spirits)—in return.

"The White people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had largely increased. They wanted more land;—they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars ensued. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Brother!

"Our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets upon. You have got our country, but are not satisfied,—*you want to force your religion upon us.*

"Brother!—Continue to listen.

"You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the

* This continent is invariably termed an 'island,' by the Indians.

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Great Spirit, agreeably to his mind, and if we don't take hold of the religion which you White people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do you know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us, as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what *you* tell us about it. How shall we know whom to believe, being so often deceived by the White people.

"Brother!

"You say there is but *one* way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. *If there is but* ONE RELIGION, *why do you White people differ so much about it; why not all agree, as you can all read the book?*

"Brother!—We do not understand these things.

"We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. *We*, also, have a religion which was given to *our* forefathers, and has been handed down to *us*, their children. We worship in their way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favours we may receive, to love each other, and be united. WE *never quarrel about religion.*

"Brother!

"The Great Spirit has made us all, but he has made a great difference between his White and Red children. He has given us different skins and different customs. To *you*, he has given the arts. To these he has not opened *our* eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given a different religion, according to *our* understanding. The Great Spirit does right. He best knows what is good for his children. *We are satisfied.*

"Brother!

"*We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.*

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"Brother!

"We are told that you have been preaching to the White people in this place. These people are our neighbours. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, *makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians*, we will then consider again of what you have said.

"Brother!

"You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present.

"As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

[As the Indian began to approach the Missionary, he rose hastily from his seat, and replied, "that he could not take them by the hand; that there was no fellowship between the religion of God and the works of the devil." It being afterwards suggested to the missionary, that his reply to the Indians was rather indiscreet, he observed, that he supposed the ceremony of shaking hands would be received by them as a token of approbation of what they had said. Being otherwise informed, he acknowledged himself sorry for the expression.]

ELOQUENCE OF TWO INDIANS—HIGHLY IMPRESSIVE.

SPEECH OF BIG ELK.

The following speech of the Chief, *Big Elk*, will stand a prominent specimen in the history of aboriginal eloquence. For the high-minded feeling and compass of intellect which it exhibits, we doubt if it be surpassed by any morsel of the kind that has been placed on record—the celebrated speech of *Logan* not excepted. That our readers may examine and compare at their leisure,

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and to the more advantage, these two specimens of Indian eloquence, we publish them together.—*Portfolio.*

On the night of the 14th July, 1815, the *Black Buffalo*, principal Chief of the Teton tribe of Indians, departed this life at Portage Des Sioux. The succeeding day he was solemnly interred with the honours of war. Robert Walsh, Esq., Secretary to the Commissioners, has furnished the following speech, delivered over the grave by *Big Elk*, Maha Chief. It is truly eloquent, and is literally given.—*Ed. West. Journal.*

"Do not grieve! Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is past, and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged nor displeased then, that—in visiting your Father here—you have lost your Chief. A misfortune of this kind may never again befal you; but this would have attended you, perhaps, at your own village. Five times have I visited this land, and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in our path—they grow every where."

(Addressing himself to Governor Edwards and Colonel Miller.)

"What a misfortune for me that I could not have died this day, instead of the Chief that lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death, would have been doubly paid for, by the honours of my burial. They would have wiped off every thing like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me, it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, instead of a noble grave, and a grand procession, the rolling music, and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving at my head—I shall be wrapped in a robe (an old robe, perhaps), and hoisted on a slender scaffold, to the whistling winds, soon to be blown to the earth; my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones rattled on the plain by the wild beasts."

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(Addresses himself to Colonel Miller.)

"Chief of the Soldiers!

"Your labours have not been vain. Your attention shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that is paid over the dead. When I return, I will echo the sound of your guns."

LOGAN'S SPEECH.

"I appeal to any White man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry—and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked—and he clothed him not.

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin—an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the Whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of White men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresup, the last spring—in cold blood, and unprovoked—murdered all the relations of Logan; not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"*

* Notwithstanding the doubts of the editor of the Portfolio, the speech of Logan is of a very superior cast.—Ed.

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[From Vigne's 'Six Months in America.']

LOGAN'S DEATH.

An old officer of the United States army, who, soon after the close of the revolutionary war, was ordered to make surveys of the country watered by the Alleghany river—informed me, that Logan's nephew, a remarkably fine young Indian, dined with him one day in his tent; and that he asked him what became of Logan. "I killed him," was the reply. "Why did you kill him?" "The nation ordered it." "For what reason?" "He was too great a man to live. He talked so well, that, although the whole nation had intended to put any plan in execution, yet, if Logan did not approve of it, he would soon gain a majority in favour of his opinions." "Was he not, then, generally in the right?" "Often; but his influence divided the nation too much." "Why did they choose you to put him to death?" "If any one else had done it, I certainly would have killed him. I, who am his nephew, shall inherit his greatness." "Will they not then kill you also?" "Yes, when I become as great a man as Logan, (laying his hand on his breast, with dignity,) I shall be content to die." He added, that he shot him near the Alleghany river. When informed of the resolution of the council of his nation, Logan stopped his horse, drew himself up in an attitude of great dignity, and received the ball without a murmur.

AN INDIAN LAUGH.

From 'An Excursion through the United States and Canada, during the years 1822–3, by an English gentleman,' we extract the following anecdote:

"On my road to Frankfort, the seat of government for the state of Kentucky, I stopped at the Half-Way-House, kept by an old man of the name of Coles, one of the first settlers of this state. Here, while I sat, during the evening, by a

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hearth heaped up with blazing logs, three or four feet in length, and nearly as many in circumference; I listened, with great delight, to the anecdotes with which my landlord wiled away the time.

"'The Indians,' said the old man, 'are a very grave people, and very seldom laugh, or express astonishment at any thing. When, however, they do laugh, they laugh most immoderately. To illustrate this, I will mention a fact, which took place soon after our coming here.

"'The early settlers were obliged, for defence, to live in forts, made of logs and earth—which they called *stations*. Around these stations the Indians constantly lurked, in order to surprise and get a shot at the settlers; and, after killing a man, retreated into the woods, where it was useless to follow them. Whenever, therefore, those in one station wished to send a message to those in another, the messenger, upon arriving within a quarter of a mile of his destination, used to raise a whoop, in order that his friends might know he was coming, and might open the gate immediately: for, if he stopped—even but for a moment—he was almost sure to receive the bullet of those lurking Indians. Now, in the neighbourhood of the fort where I was,' continued the old man, 'some of the uncivilized beings observed our practice, and accordingly stretched across the path, within a couple of hundred yards of the fort, a small vine; so as to come up to the breast of a man on horseback.

"'In a short time, a messenger—whom they knew we expected—came on, raising his whoop, and galloping for the open gate as hard as he could; but, not seeing the vine, was thrown from his horse, head over heels. Two Indians immediately rushed out to tomahawk him; but—amused with the success of their stratagem, and the ridiculous way in which the man was thrown—they burst into such a fit of laughter, that they fell down; and thus gave the affrighted messenger time to get up, and run into the station.'"

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THE EARTHQUAKES IN 1812.

ALARM OF THE SAVAGES.

In this year, several hundred shocks of earthquake occurred in the western country, and were particularly severe on the Mississippi. They were also felt east of the mountains, but in a less degree.

These awful phenomena were the occasion of reviving among the savages in the Arkansas Territory, an almost obsolete Indian rite of imploring the 'Great Spirit' to avert his wrath. For this purpose, they set about erecting temples in their villages, in which to make their offerings. The following account appeared in an Arkansas Journal:

The Indian mode of worship, as it happened in consequence of the late earthquakes.—This alarming phenomenon of nature, struck with such consternation and dismay the tribes of Indians that live within and contiguous to that tract of country on the Mississippi—where the severity of the earthquake appears to have been the greatest—that they were induced to convene together, in order to consult upon the necessity of having recourse to some method of relief from so alarming an incident—when it was resolved to fall upon the following expedient, to excite the pity of the Great Spirit:

After a general hunt had taken place, to kill deer enough for the undertaking, a small hut was built, to represent a temple, or place for offering sacrifice.

The ceremony was introduced by a preparatory general cleansing of the body and face. After neatly skinning their deer, they suspended them by the fore-feet, so that the heads might be directed toward the heavens, before the temple, as an offering to the Great Spirit. In this attitude they remained for three days—which interval was devoted to such penance as consists in absolute fasting:—at night, lying on the back upon fresh deer-skins—turning their thoughts exclusively upon the happy prospect of immediate protection, that they may conceive dreams to that effect—the only medium of intercourse between them and the Great Spirit—the old and young men observing a most

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rigorous abstinence from cohabiting with the women—under the solemn persuasion, that, for a failure thereof, instant death and condemnation awaited them. And lastly, gravely, and with much apparent piety, imploring the attention of the Great Spirit to their helpless and distressed condition; acknowledging their absolute dependence on him; intreating his regard for their wives and children; declaring the fatal consequences that must inevitably ensue by withholding his notice:—namely, the loss of their wives and children, and their total disability to master their game, arising from their constant dread of his anger: and concluded in asserting their full assurance that their prayers are heard. Their object is accomplished by a cessation of terrors, and game becoming again plentiful and easily overcome.*

On the lapse of three days, thus dedicated—believing themselves forgiven for every unwarrantable act of which they were sensible, and that the offering was accepted—they finally begin with a mutual relation of their respective dreams, and the scene is changed to joy and congratulation, by proceeding ravenously to devour the sacrificed deer, to allay their fast.

BRANDT ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Brandt, a noted leader of Savage bands, had received an academical education among the Whites. His ideas on *Imprisonment for Debt* were ably portrayed in a letter which he wrote to a friend—of which the following is an extract:

"Go to one of your prisons—here description utterly fails! For what are many of your prisoners confined? For debt?—Astonishing!—And will you ever again call

* No wonder the untutored Savage should attach superstition to the heavings of an earthquake, since men, calling themselves civilized, have fallen into the like error! "It was a *priestly* error, indeed; and also the offspring of superstition. A few days after the severe earthquake at Valparaiso, (A. D. 18—), the priests applied to the governor to have the heretic Protestants banished from the country; being, as they said,

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Indian nations cruel?* Liberty, to a rational creature, as much exceeds property as the light of the sun does that of the most twinkling star. But you put them on a level—to the everlasting disgrace of civilization!

"I knew, while I lived among the White people, many of the most amiable characters contract debts; and, I dare say, with the best intentions. Both parties, at the time of the contract, expected their advantage. The debtor, we will suppose, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, fails. Here is no crime, nor even a fault; and yet your laws put it in the power of the creditor to throw the debtor into prison, and confine him! I seriously declare, I had rather die by the most severe tortures ever inflicted on this continent, than languish in one of your prisons. GREAT SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSE!—And do you call yourselves Christians? Does then the religion of Him whom you call your Saviour, inspire this spirit, and lead to these practices? Surely, no. It is recorded of Him, that *the bruised reed* he never broke. Cease then to call yourselves Christians!—lest ye publish to the world your hypocrisy. Cease to call other nations *Savage!*—while you are tenfold more the children of cruelty than they."†

A DELAWARE CHIEF'S IDEAS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

George Jolloway, the name of this chieftain, was possessed of great natural and considerable acquired talents, having received a good English education. One day, after relating some of the hardships incident to the

the cause of the dire calamity! But this he refused—shrewdly remarking, that the Protestants had suffered much less in their persons, buildings, and property, than the orthodox Catholics."

* Cruel they certainly are, to a most deplorable extent, as to certain prisoners of war, whom they burn and torture in the most excruciating manner, and most repulsive to the finer feelings of humanity. Man is naturally a savage: civilized, he is the same—in disguise!—ED.

† It is probable the reader has, by this time, seen the account of Captain M'Kinstry, who was rescued from the stake by Brandt. If not, let him turn to page 71.

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Indian manner of life, he was asked—as he sat smoking a pipe—what was his inducement, after tasting the sweets of civilization, for returning to his native wilds. He rose from his seat in agitation, and the smoke rolled forth in columns: the natural hauteur of his countenance was heightened to a fierce, bold, and daring look—for which he was truly terrific. Walking across the room, repeating, with emphasis—"The sweets of civilization!—sweets of civilization!" Then turning to one of the company, he thus accosted him. "Are you a Christian?" "Yes." "Are you a republican?" "Yes." "What is the greatest blessing on earth?" "Liberty." "Yes, yes," added he, with a penetrating look—"And you a good Christian! you a good republican! and your brother republican owes you a dollar, and has it not; you will go away to another, that writes, and get a bit of written paper—take it to another brother, that rides, and give it him—who will take the poor brother, and lock him up in a stone house: and you three brothers—all good Christians, all good republicans—will deprive the needy brother of the greatest blessing on earth—his liberty! And for the sake of what?—the want of a dollar! These are the sweets of civilization! these are the blessings of republican liberty!" Then, with an elevated look and voice, he earnestly implored the Great Spirit to keep him from the sweets of civilization, and that the White people might no longer nickname themselves, as they now did, by assuming the names of Christians and republicans, while their works so much belie their professions."

Christian reader! Canst thou answer this Indian?

Let us contrast this practice of civilized people with the more rational one pursued by an untutored race, in the African kingdom of Bornou.

There, when a man refuses to pay his debts, and has the means, on a creditor pushing his claims, the cadi takes possession of the debtor's property, pays the demand, and retains a handsome per centage for his trouble. It is necessary, however, that the debtor should give his consent; but this is not long withheld, as he is pinioned and laid on his back, until it is given—for all which trouble and restiveness he pays handsomely to the cadi. It is seldom found that a man gets into a scrape of this kind twice. On the

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other hand, should a man be in debt and unable to pay, and makes his poverty satisfactorily appear, he is set at liberty. The judge then says—"God send you the means;"—the bystanders say, "Amen;"—and the insolvent has full liberty to trade where he pleases. But if, at any other time, his creditors catch him with even two tubes on, or a red cap, on taking him before the cadi, all superfluous habiliments are stripped off, and given towards the payment of his debts.

DUCOIN, THE KASKASKIAN.

This man was the pretended Chief of the Kaskaskia tribe, once a powerful people, but now dwindled down to little more than a name. We say *pretended*, for the legitimate Chief, named Tamaroa, was, by incapacity and habitual drunkenness, totally disqualified for the station to which he was born.

Ducoin was a notorious liar, full of cunning and deceit, spoke both English and French, and of a plausible address. When Mr. Jefferson was secretary of state, Ducoin came to Philadelphia, then the seat of the federal government, accompanied by his son, Jean Baptiste. There he told the secretary that his son had been christened after him, by the name of *Jefferson;*—a story trumped up, doubtless, for the purpose of currying favour, and augmenting the chances of presents for himself and son also. Ducoin professed the Romish faith.

Certain official duties called the writer to the western country; and, while at Vincennes, up the Wabash, Ducoin and his son came from Kaskaskia to visit him—and (which was the real motive) to fish for presents:—for, of all the Indian beggars the writer had ever seen, Ducoin was, by far, the most importunate;—coveting and craving almost every thing that came under his eye. And, more—he would ask for certain articles to be purchased of the storekeepers. The son was introduced by the name of "Jefferson."

After this the writer proceeded to Kaskaskia, near to which Ducoin resided; and, calling on him at his house, Ducoin began to praise his son Jefferson (for so he contin-

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ued to call him) as an apt scholar, who had attained the art of writing a good hand:—and, upon this, he directed the lad to bring his copy-book for our inspection. At the bottom of every page, as is customary with school boys, was written the real name of the writer, (to wit,) *Jean Baptiste Ducoin.* Of this, however, the father was not aware; for he could neither read nor write. The narrator now asked the old man why he imposed on Mr. Jefferson and ourself the son under a false name. "Here," continued he, "is your boy's real name on every page, in his own hand-writing." Ducoin—whose impudence never failed him—first affected surprise; and then, appearing to collect himself, exclaimed, "The boy's a fool—*he does not know his own name.*"

This same Ducoin, having been sued for debt, appeared in court on the trial, and found the debt was too well established to be easily parried. He now cast about in his mind how to avoid payment, and hit upon this expedient. He told the court that the plaintiff owed him several sums of money, which he believed would together amount to more than the debt for which he was sued. He was now put on his oath, and the clerk was directed to take down the items, as given in by the defendant. Ducoin's *invention* brought out *set-off* after *set-off*, in order to balance the plaintiff's demand. The whole court being aware of the defendant's unprincipled character, he was admonished by the clerk (whose name was Jones) to beware; the nature of an oath was explained to him—to which was added, "*Ducoin! if you swear falsely, nothing can save you from the devil, and the eternal torments of hell fire.*" "Oh! ho!" said Ducoin; "well, I have done: we'll stop here."

Upon summing up the aggregate set-offs, there was still a balance left in favour of the plaintiff—which being mentioned to the Indian, he appeared confounded. On leaving court, he said to the by-standers at the door, "*Oh! that d—d Jones—had it not been for him, I should have eked out my account so as to have met the plaintiff's demand in its whole extent.*"

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INDIAN IDEAS OF CREATION, &c.

THE MINGOES,

Once a tribe of some note, cherished an ancient tradition, which amounted to this—that the *Female Spirit*, who first visited the world, on descending from her celestial abode, was received by a turtle, then swimming on the immense and boundless waters; that, by a miraculous display of power, soon after this event, land, and grass, and plants bearing fruit, and also store of edible vegetables, were formed around her, until the eye could no longer trace their extent;—that the solid land, with all its islands and inhabitants, rests upon the back of a huge turtle, outspread upon the expanse of water, bearing his load, without growing weary, but sometimes causing an inundation, or a deluge, by submersion; and then again, producing earthquakes when he shakes himself.

Among these untutored men, the particular tribe which derives its appellation, or traces its origin from the turtle, is high and honourable above the rest.

THE CHIPPEWYANS

Believe (says M'Kenzie),* that at the first, the globe was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no living creature, except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings were thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and touching it, the earth instantly arose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This omnipotent bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth, except the Chippewyans, who were produced from a dog;† and this circumstance occasions their aversion to the flesh of that animal, as well as the people who eat it.‡ This extraordinary tradition goes on to relate, that the great bird having finished his

* Voyages from Montreal through the continent of North America.

† For a like *honourable* descent, claimed by other Savages, see p. 57.

‡ On the contrary, many other tribes esteem the flesh of a fat dog as the first of delicacies.

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work, made an arrow, which was to be preserved with great care, and to remain untouched, but that the Chippewyans were so devoid of understanding, as to carry it away, and the sacrilege so enraged the great bird, that he has never since appeared.

They also have another tradition among them :—that their originality came from another country, inhabited by a very wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they had suffered great misery—it being always winter, with ice and deep snow. At the Copper-mine River, where they made the first land, the ground was covered with copper, over which a body of earth had since been collected, to the depth of a man's height. They believe, also, that, in ancient times, their ancestors lived *till their feet were worn out with walking, and their throats with eating.* They describe a deluge, when the waters spread over the whole earth; except the highest mountains—on the tops of which they preserved themselves.

They believe that, immediately after their death, they pass into another world, where they arrive at a large river, on which they embark in a stone canoe, and that a gentle current bears them on to an extensive lake, in the centre of which is a most beautiful island, and that in the view of this most delightful abode, they receive that judgment for their conduct during life, which terminates their final state and unalterable allotment. If their good actions are declared to predominate, they are landed upon the island, where there is to be no end to their happiness; which, however, according to their notions, consists in an eternal enjoyment of sensual pleasure and carnal gratification. But, if their bad actions weigh down the balance, the stone canoe sinks at once, and leaves them up to their chins in the water, to behold and regret the reward enjoyed by the good; and eternally struggling, but with unavailing endeavours, to reach the blissful island, from which they are excluded for ever.

They have some faint notions of the transmigration of the soul, so that if a child be born with teeth, they instantly imagine, from its premature appearance, that it bears a resemblance to some person who had lived to an advanced period, and that he has assumed a renovated life, with these extraordinary tokens of maturity."

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THE DOG RIBS.

The *Dog Rib Indians*,—who are derived from the same stock with the Chippewyans,—have a tradition, that the first man was named *Chapewee*. He found the world well stored with food. He created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit—the one black, the other white—but forbade them to taste the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion, for the purpose of conducting the Sun to the world. During this, his first absence, his children were obedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it all. The consequence was, that when he, a second time, absented himself, to bring the Moon, and they longed for fruit, they forgot the commands of their father, and ate of the black, which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased, on his return, and told them that, in future, the earth would produce bad fruit, and that they would be tormented with sickness and death, penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day. Chapewee himself lived so long, that '*his throat was worn out by eating, and his feet by walking*,' and he could no longer enjoy life. But he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver's tooth into his head.

CHEROKEES

IN A STATE OF PROGRESSIVE CIVILIZATION.

This nation of aborigines—by far the most enlightened of all the North American Indians—have formed a code of laws, established a regular frame of government, opened a printing-office, with two sets of types, one of roman letters, the other of Cherokee characters, the invention of a *native*, and which are said to be admired for their ingenuity, simplicity, and usefulness. And, although this novel alphabet consists of seventy or more distinct characters,

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they are said to be easily acquired by the natives, and that they now (A. D. 1826) actually correspond with each other in their own language and written characters. This is surely a gigantic stride towards complete civilization; so much so, indeed, as to preclude the idea of a retrograde step—but they have gone farther, as will appear in the sequel.

In the meantime, we shall transcribe here some gratifying information, derived from a Tennessee periodical, published in the spring of 1826.

"Some curiosity having been expressed as to the laws of the Cherokee nation, the following sketch of them may not be unacceptable to our readers:

"They prohibit the introduction, by White men, of spirituous liquors into the nation. They have laws establishing and regulating turnpikes, prohibiting theft and rape; requiring White men, if they take a Cherokee wife, to be legally married to her, and then the property of the wife is not thrown into the hands of the husband, but remains at her own disposal; nor do they permit one man to have more than one wife.

"The nation is laid off into eight Judicial Districts, and a Judge and a Marshal are appointed for each district, in order to the sure administration of justice. They have their Rangers in each district, whose duty it is to post and advertise stray horses. Their taxes are readily laid and collected by the Marshals; nor do they overlook the benefits of tuition in their missionary seminaries; they compel parents to pay the expenses of such children as leave the schools, without any just cause. They permit the superintendant of these missionary stations, with the consent of the parents, to bind out children to such trades as may be suitable for them; and, at the expiration of their apprenticeship, the nation is bound to procure them tools. Each district is represented in the national council by four members; each member receives one dollar per diem, and the speaker one dollar and fifty cents. The principal Chief, called 'The Post-Killer,' is allowed a hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and Charles R. Hicks, in consideration of his own extra services as interpreter and writer, two hundred dollars. The Committee men are allowed two dollars, and their President three dollars and fifty cents

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per diem, during the sitting of the National Council. For embezzling, intercepting, and opening sealed letters, the punishment is a fine of one hundred dollars, and one hundred stripes on the bare back. The business of the council, during its cession, is suspended on the Sabbath, and all the merchants, pedlars, and mechanics, at Newtown, close their doors during that day. They have a law declaring what shall be a lawful fence. They have, also, a statute of limitation, but it does not operate on notes or liquidated accounts. The Treasurer of the Nation is authorized to lend, on good security, any surplus funds that may remain, after discharging the annual appropriations. A Marshal, Sheriff, Deputy-Sheriff, and two Constables, are appointed in each district. The Marshals are elected by the National Committee: the Sheriffs and Constables, by the people in each district; the duties of their offices are prescribed, and security is taken for faithful performance. A will, if found among the papers of decedents, although not witnessed, is considered established, if proved to be written and signed by the testator; wills must be proved before the district court. Nuncupative wills are also provided for. Property of intestates is equally divided among the children and wife; she taking a child's part: if no children, a fourth part; the residue to his nearest kin, after the estate is freed from incumbrances. The property of the wife, who has an exclusive right to it, is distributed in the same way between her children and husband. This is a faint outline of some of the Cherokee code.

"This government has resolved to establish at Newtown (if not already established),* a printing-office, with two sets of types; one of English letters, the other of Cherokee characters, invented by a native Indian."

* This has since been effected, and from it issues a weekly paper (half English, half Cherokee, as before mentioned) executed with great neatness. It is called '*The Cherokee Phœnix.*' This began in 1828, and they have since printed an edition of the New Testament, and other portions of the Bible; also, such school books in the Cherokee and English languages, as will tend to diffuse knowledge through the nation. Thus we see among the Cherokees the *first* printing press ever owned or employed by any nation of aborigines of this continent;—the *first* effort at writing and printing *in characters, their own;* the *first* newspaper, and the first well-organized system for spreading know-

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CHOCTAW ACADEMY.

In addition to the foregoing pleasing notice of the amelioration of a portion of our species, we now record another proof, no less pleasing, concerning another nation of aborigines—neighbours of the former.

There is a seminary in Kentucky, called 'The Choctaw Academy,' instituted for the instruction of Choctaw youths. At their annual exhibition, they have displayed extraordinary aptness in spelling, reading, writing, geography, and the drawing of maps. This institution began its operations in the autumn of 1825, under the patronage and auspices of the Baptist General Convention, at the request of the Choctaw nation itself. The principal fund out of which this institution is supported, arises from stipulations in treaties between the United States and the Choctaws: in which they reserved an education fund, for the benefit of their children. In the autumn of 1826, there were fifty-three Choctaw students, and about twenty White students at this academy. The Creeks had requested permission to send fifteen or twenty of their children; and some of the northern tribes had made a similar request. The students are easily managed, and much devoted to study. In the Choctaw nation itself, a number of Missionary schools are established, and in a flourishing condition.

ledge among the people. Among the same people, too, we see established the *first* regular elective government, with a Legislature, with Executive and Judicial branches distinct, and with the safe-guards of a written Constitution, and trial by Jury. This formerly benighted people have now among them many flourishing schools, and which, in many instances, are taught by *native Cherokees*.—Ed.

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FURTHER NOTICES RESPECTING THIS PEOPLE.

[From a Correspondent in their Nation.]

Choctaw Nation, May 1st, 1832.

I left off, in my last, with stating the Aborigines had dwelt in this western world somewhere about three thousand three hundred years. Of course, I do not believe, with James Adair, a noted traveller among the Choctaws some sixty or eighty years ago, and then well known by the Choctaws, under the appellation, *Chimmy Homa*, or Red Jim; or with the philanthropic Boudinott, who, in his work, makes them descended from the Israelites.

Were they of Hebrew origin, we should, at least, expect them to preserve the *distinctive* mark between Jew and Gentile. But circumcision is altogether unknown among the American tribes.

The founder of Pennsylvania, as far as I can learn, was the first who suggested the idea of the Indians being the descendants of the Hebrews:—to which he was induced by observing their simple manners and customs; which could not fail to exhibit some analogy with those of the Hebrews in early times. The true application of Penn's remarks is, that all mankind are derived from an original pair.

Some thirty years ago, the tale was told of there being a tribe of Welsh Indians high up the Missouri. But the travels of Lewis and Clarke dissipated all the credence it had gained. This induced me to think of comparing the Welsh and Choctaw in the best way I could; and I found some little analogies. But the principal ground of resemblance consists in the sounds which the Welsh designate by Ll; and which, in my Universal Alphabet, I denote Hl. Words in both languages, so commencing, have considerable analogy.

With respect to radical sounds, the Choctaw language resembles the Chinese more than any other on the globe.

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Both want such consonants as these, viz: *d, r, z;* and abound in the nasals, and in the sound that we represent by *ch.*

The Choctaw language is also a stranger to the sounds designated by *g*, whether hard or soft; *j*, whether French or English, and *v*.

It makes use of the syllable *chin*, to form one of its futures—which resembles the corresponding Chinese particle.

Like the Greek and German, it sometimes takes a prefix to the past participle, as *ummo*, to trim; *ulmo*, trimmed.

The Choctaws have names for every thing they are familiar with, and which exists in nature. But they have no word for square, that not being a natural figure; and, besides—though one word and one syllable in English, involving several ideas, viz: four lines equal to each other; any adjacent pair of which have the same inclination to each other as any other adjacent pair. They have plenty of names for natural figures—such as circle, ball, oblong, &c.

I will now make one observation, which applies to all barbarous languages, viz: that they *coin* as few words as possible; always forming them by combining other words, with which they are familiar. For example: in Choctaw, *issuba*, signifies horse, and is composed of *issi*, deer, and *hulba*, like;—the *h* and *l* being sunk in combination.

The English tongue abounds in arbitrary signs of complex ideas; such as *toe, thumb*, &c. The Choctaws have no single word for these. They call the toe—*iyushi*, or child of the foot; and the great toe *iyususki*, or mother of the foot. So finger is *ibbockushi*, or child of the hand; and the thumb *ibbockushki*, or mother of the hand. The word leg is also a compound, formed of *iyi*, foot; or *ubbi*, in the radical sense of upper, *i. e.* the upper foot.

Upon the same principle, they, like the Hebrews, call a calf the child of a cow, *wockushi;* and a puppy is, plainly, a son of a bitch.

So *pishookchinia*—milk, fat, or butter.

It would seem rather odd to hear a farmer directing his servant to *give the dog's children* a pot of milk; and the black *mare's son* a bundle of fodder; and the *hen's daugh-*

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ters a measure of corn. Such, however, is the genius of their language.*

DESCRIPTION AND DEATH OF WAU-NIG-SOOTSH-HAW, OR RED BIRD;

A WINNEBAGO CHIEF.

This was a Chief of great note. His free wilderness spirit could not bear the confinement of a narrow prison house; nor could his body be sustained by the provisions usually dealt out on such occasions; they being so unlike those which he had gathered in his native forests. He died in his confinement, February, 1828, at Prairie du Chien.

This was the person who killed and scalped *Gagnier*, and who was aided in the bloody business by a miserable looking fellow, named *Wekaw*, or *The Sun;* who scalped, at the same time, an infant, and mangled it in savage style. He was the same who, together with his companion in guilt, voluntarily surrendered himself, in the summer of 1827, at the Portage of the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, and was afterwards delivered over by Major Whistler—to whom he gave himself up—to General Atkinson; who conveyed him and others to Prairie du Chien, to await the penalties of the law.

Red Bird was an extraordinary man. In form and appearance, he had few equals, White or Red; and, in the graces of action, of face, and of spirit, he was not surpassed. His character, too, had, during his whole life, and up to the period of his bloody adventure, been marked by all that was kind, and friendly, and faithful. His hospitality to the Whites, and to Indians, was notorious, and his means were

* The language of the *Creek* Indians, as another barbarous language, necessarily abounds with compounds. We must premise here, that originally they made no cheese, and, consequently, had no name for it. Upon the introduction of cheese among them by the Spaniards, they gave it this appellation, (to wit), *Waca-pissy-neha-tuck-eliga*, *i. e.* the bread that is made of the milk of the cow. Waca (from Vaca) pissy (milk) nehah (oil) tuckeliga (bread).—Ed.

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ample. He was rich in traps and spears, in wampum, and all that constitutes the wealth of the hunter. He was highly distinguished and beloved in all the regions of the north-west.

But all this distinction was swallowed up and lost in one fell resolve—an act of guilt. But he rose—if not to innocence and life, yet high in the general admiration and sympathy—in the *voluntary surrender* which he made of himself, and in the *manner* of the act. No individual act was ever more imposing than was that act of self-devotion. His white dress, of beautiful deer-skin, fitting his elegantly proportioned frame—as if to show the perfection and beauty of its finish—his war-pipe made fast to his breast—as if to indicate the attachment of his heart to the Indian's glory——his white flag, the emblem of peace, in one hand, and his calumet, or pipe of peace, in the other:—and then the long line of the one hundred and fourteen unarmed warriors attending the self-devoted victim: and, to crown all, his *Death Song!* All this was highly impressive. But it was overmatched by the calm, though commanding spirit, that gave grace and firmness to his steps, and spirit and life to his eye, and majesty to every movement of the man, and grandeur to the ceremony. As he entered the portal of death, stepping firmly up, he said—by a manner, forcible as language—"I give away myself—*my life!*"

INTERVIEW WITH SAVAGES OF BAFFIN'S BAY.

Captain Ross, in the journal of his Arctic Expedition, gives the following account of his first interview with the Esquimaux, in the northern parts of Baffin's Bay:

"These Esquimaux," says he, "conceived the *ships to be living and flying creatures.*" * * * * "I had been employed, with a good telescope, in observing their motions, and beheld the first man approach, with every mark of fear and distrust—looking frequently behind to the other two, and beckoning them to come on, as if for

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support. They occasionally retreated, then advanced again, with cautious steps, in the attitude of listening; generally keeping one hand down by their knees, in readiness to pull out a knife, which they had in their boots: in the other hand they held their whips, with the lash coiled up: their sledges remained at a little distance—the fourth man being apparently stationed to keep them in readiness for escape. Sometimes they drew back the covering they had on their heads, as if wishing to catch the most distant sounds: at which time I could discern their features, displaying extreme terror and amazement, while every limb appeared to tremble as they moved." They were requested to cross a chasm, which separated them from the interpreter, by a plank; but "appeared still much alarmed, and requested that Sackhouse (the interpreter) only should come over. He accordingly passed to the opposite side, on which they earnestly beseeched him not to touch them, as, if he did, *they should certainly die.* After he had used many arguments to persuade them that he was flesh and blood, the native, who had shown most courage, ventured to touch his hand; then, pulling himself by the nose, set up a shout, in which he was joined by Sackhouse and the other three. The presents were then distributed, consisting of two or three articles of clothing, and a few strings of beads. After which, Sackhouse exchanged his knife for one of theirs."

Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry then went on the ice, and, "by the time they reached it, the whole were assembled: those who had originally been left at a distance, with their sledges, having driven up to join their comrades. The party now, therefore, consisted of eight natives, with all their sledges, and about fifty dogs, two sailors, Sackhouse, Lieutenant Parry, and myself—forming a group of no small singularity, not a little increased, also, by the peculiarity of the situation on a field of ice, far from the land. The noise and clamour may be easily conceived—the whole talking and shouting together, and the dogs howling, while the natives were flogging them with their long whips, to preserve order." Our arrival produced considerable alarm, causing them to retreat a few steps towards their sledges. On this, Sackhouse called to us to *pull our noses*, as he had discovered this to be the mode of friendly salutation

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among them. This ceremony was accordingly performed by each of us, the natives, during their retreat, making use of the same gesture; the nature of which we had not before understood." Presents were then made, and, "on seeing their faces in the glasses, their astonishment appeared extreme, and they looked round in silence, for a moment, at each other, and at us. Immediately afterwards, they set up a general shout, succeeded by a loud laugh, expressive of extreme delight as well as surprise—in which we joined, partly from inability to avoid it, and willing also to show that we were pleased with our new acquaintances." Confidence shortly after became established, and uncovering of heads was substituted for pulling of noses—the natives appearing to comprehend the nature of this ceremony more quickly than the seamen did the other, and probably not considering it a much more reasonable, although a more inconvenient, testimony of respect. They were then invited to the ship, to which one of them thought proper to *address a speech, "pausing between every question, and pulling his nose with the utmost solemnity."* All the wonder to be expected was here excited; but the quantity of the wood and iron appeared to be the chief objects of surprise.

"Their knowledge of wood seemed to be limited to some heath of a dwarfish growth, with stems no thicker than the finger; and, accordingly, they knew not to what think of the timber they saw on board. Not being aware of its weight, two or three of them, successively, seized on the spare topmast, evidently with the view of carrying it off; and, as soon as they became familiar with the people around them, they showed that desire of possessing what they admired, which is so universal among Savages. The only thing they looked on with contempt, was a little terrier dog;—judging, no doubt, that it was too small for drawing a sledge. But they shrunk back, as if in terror, from a pig, whose pricked ears and ferocious aspect (being of the Shetland breed) presented a somewhat formidable appearance. This animal happening to grunt, one of them was so terrified, that he became, from that moment, uneasy, and appeared impatient to get out of the ship. In carrying his purpose into effect, however, he did not lose his propensity to thieving, as he seized and endeavoured to carry

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off the smith's anvil: finding that he could not remove it, he laid hold of the large hammer, threw it on the ice, and, following it himself, deliberately set it on his sledge, and made off."

PATERNAL AFFECTION AND SELF DEVOTION.

The relation below appears in a "History of Louisiana," by François Xavier Martin, of New Orleans, published in 1827. The event it describes acquired celebrity in the Annals of Louisiana, as the subject of a tragedy, in French, written by Leblanc de Villeneuve, an officer of the army, while that country was a colony of France.

In a quarrel between a Choctaw and a Colapissa Indian, the former told the latter, his countrymen were the dogs of the French—meaning their slaves. The Colapissa, having a loaded musket in his hands, discharged its contents at the Choctaw, and fled to New Orleans. The relations of the deceased came to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, to demand his surrender: he had, in the meanwhile, gone to the *German Coast.** The marquis, having vainly tried to appease them, sent orders to Renaud, the commandant of that post, to have the murderer arrested—but he eluded the pursuit. His father went to the Choctaws, and offered himself a willing victim: the relations of the deceased persisted in their refusal to accept any compensation in presents. They at last consented to allow the old man to atone, by the loss of his own life, for the crime of his son. He stretched himself on the trunk of an old tree, and a Choctaw severed his head from the body at the first stroke.

* A portion of the banks of the Mississippi so called.—Ed.

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LAWS AND USAGES AMONG SOME INDIANS.

In the winter of 1827,—28, some occurrences took place at and near Port Gibson, from which a tolerable idea may be formed of the laws in force among the Mississippi Savages, as they respect murder.

One Indian killing another, is held as disgraced; should he preserve his forfeited life by flight, a degree of debasement is attached to such preservation, which, rather than incur it, he would meet the horrors of death in any shape. There is another powerful motive that urges him to surrender rather than flee;—the blood of the slain is supposed to say to his friends, in order to be avenged, "spill blood for blood:"—and if the perpetrator of the deed cannot be found, the nearest of kin must meet the fate that was properly his award. The ties of kindred and of friendship, then—which, with the Indian, are more sacred than life is valuable—bind him not to act the craven, by leaving some near relation and dear friend to answer for his crimes.

In the atonement for murder, there is no mitigation, and rarely a compromise. No judgment of the Council is required—the proof of the fact rendering life a forfeiture, it can be taken at any time, by those connected by relation or friendship to the deceased. The punishment is more of a family than a national concern; and, in some instances, where the minds of the parties are debased, it can be bought off; they shut their ears to the appeals of their murdered friend;—but, among the high-minded, nothing short of death can atone. The enemies of the murderer have the decreeing of his fate. But, his friends will—when they can anticipate the decree, by executing the customary law of death upon him—save him the mortification of a more aggravated execution by his enemies. To be put to death by friends is considered honourable and warrior-like; while, to receive it from enemies, is held a mark of degradation. We now come to

Indian Lex Talionis.—A number of Savages, enlivened by the fumes of whisky, were carousing in an old field near Port Gibson. Two of the party, in a fit of drunken madness, fell into an affray, in which one was killed. The

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next morning the survivor was taken by his friends, about a mile from town, to have the punishment for murder inflicted upon him. None of his enemies were present; or, rather, none of the friends of the slain—for the murderer and the murdered were relations and friends, and united the whole party in the same relationship. But the fatal termination of the quarrel created a division; part espousing the cause of the survivor, and part that of the deceased, and claiming retribution. While preparations were making for his execution, his mother, and other females, hung around him, weeping bitterly; but, at the same time, encouraging him to meet his fate with firmness. Every means were used to drown reflection; he was literally drenched with whisky, and his male friends, one after another, were taking him by the hand, and talking to him.

His grave being dug, his rifle, and implements of sport and exercise were placed in it, for his use in another world. He was seated on its edge, and a target marked on his breast, opposite the heart, to direct the aim of the executioner, who was a *valued friend.* His arms were held extended—the executioner stepped opposite him, and raised his rifle—the unfortunate man closed his eyes, and threw his head back; at which instant the rifle was discharged—and all was over. His mother threw herself on the body, and manifested the deepest distress.

The affray does not end with the execution. A brother of the murdered Indian has since arrived, who insists that vengeance is not yet complete—that another participated in the murder, and must die. But, under the law, the crime is atoned for, and the shedding of blood must cease. Another means must therefore be adopted to obtain the further vengeance he demands. He must yield up his own life—a sacrifice for its accomplishment. He says, he is not satisfied—that his sisters (*a strange way of showing sisterly love, to sacrifice one brother because another was unfortunately killed*), are not satisfied, and demand of him the destruction of the perpetrator in the murder. To effect it, he challenged him to equal combat, with rifles. They were to have met on Thursday: the challenger went to the ground, but the other did not come. It will not end here: sooner or later the fight must take place. The challenger has proclaimed himself the avenger of his murdered bro-

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ther, and cannot agree to any composition. The other is his devoted victim, and, in one way or other, must die. Both are devoted victims—for both must die. They may agree to meet in fair fight, but the survivor is deemed a murderer by the law, and retribution will be visited on him by the friends of the slain, if his own friends do not deprive them of the satisfaction. In this, as in the case of the quarrel, the parties are *cousins!* How strangely obligatory must be their notions of honour and justice, when affectionate sisters feel bound to insist on a further prosecution of vengeance, although, in their appeal, they are conscious they sound the death-token to a brother, whose life they consider of more value than a thousand such lives as that which they demand to have taken!

AN INDIAN PROMISE,

OR

PROVIDENCE THE PAYMASTER.

Lieutenant Bird, an officer of the garrison of fort Knox, at Vincennes, on the Wabash, had, at different times, gratified the importunities of an Ouiattanon Savage, on the promise of remuneration in venison. Season after season passed away, but no venison was forthcoming, though repeatedly promised. At length the officer grew impatient, and taxed the Indian as one not to be trusted or believed. To repel the charge, the Indian assured him that he had then forty hams for him. "Then why don't you bring them?" said the officer. "Where are they?" "All in the woods," answered the other, with the utmost *sang froid;* meaning, the deer were yet to be killed! This anecdote reminds us of another, concerning the same Indian, but wearing a more serious aspect. We shall term it

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THE CATASTROPHE.

The son of a Kickapoo Chief, being engaged to a Ouiattanon girl, came in quest of her to fort Knox, at Vincennes —though an Indian war was then waging against the United States; and, in this, the Kickapoos were among the most formidable. We happened to be there at this time. It was summer, and the weather very warm. The young Kickapoo was admitted into the fort, and, among other presents, threw down several joints of venison; observing to the commanding officer, that, if he could not eat them himself, (for they were tainted,) they might answer for his *hogs* and *dogs**—muttering at the same time, and making the sign of a halter round his neck, that perhaps they might hang him for appearing among them; (alluding, no doubt, to the then Indian war.)

On the evening of the same day the young Kickapoo got into a drunken frolic, with other Savages, among whom was the before mentioned Indian. The latter said to the Kickapoo, "May be I shall kill you:" and, without further preface, he plunged a knife into him—which instantly proved fatal. At this moment the Ouiattanons in company took the alarm—fearful of the consequences that might befal their tribe, from the death of the son of a powerful chieftain. It was therefore determined to propitiate the Kickapoo's father, by sending a deputation to him with the present of a ten gallon keg of whisky as a peace offering. This was furnished for the purpose, on request, by the commanding officer of the fort. They had not gone far when the precious liquor proved too great a temptation: the keg was broached, and soon emptied. What then was to be done?

Next morning, however, they appeared again at the fort —deplored the '*accident*,' (as they called it,) and begged for another keg of liquor. This too was granted—and off they went again. But this keg met with the fate of the former: its contents proved an irresistible temptation. As

* Appellations the Indians bestow upon menial servants. This savours strongly of the pride of independence.

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no more whisky could now be obtained, the mission fell through.

Upon this, the Indians appeared before the fort, with the murderer in custody, under the window of the writer,* and demanded justice to be done on the prisoner. He told them it was an affair for themselves to settle, as it was confined to themselves alone. They now marched in Indian file, carrying off the murderer, who, every now and then, looked fearfully behind him—for the brother of the deceased's sweetheart had taken post next in his rear. They had not proceeded far, when this brother plunged a knife into the prisoner's back, which broke, and a part was left buried in the wound. The whole party now returned before the fort—the wounded man singing his death-song. He was borne off by his friends into a thicket, in the prairie, where all their efforts to extract the broken blade proved ineffectual; and the next day or two he died.

The Spider, a brother of the murderer, and then at Kaskaskia, hearing of the predicament which had befallen the latter, hastened to Vincennes—but death had closed the scene. He came in time, however, to attend the funeral. When the body was about to be consigned to the earth, he opened the blanket which enveloped the corpse, and taking off a silver ornament which encompassed his head, he bound it around that of the defunct, saying, "There, brother! this will bring you respect in the land of Spirits."

* He was a judge of the supreme court of the North-western territory, and then upon the circuit to open the courts through that extensive region.

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[Founded on the 'Sketch Book.']

PHILIP OF POKANOKET.

'As monumental bronze unchang'd his look,
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook,
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier;
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear!'

CAMPBELL.

It is to be regretted, that those early writers who treated of the discovery of, and settlement of America, have not given us more particular and candid accounts of the remarkable characters that flourished in Savage life. The scanty anecdotes which have reached us, are full of peculiarity and interest; they furnish us with nearer glimpses of human nature, and show what man is in a comparatively primitive state, and what he owes to civilization. There is something of the charm of discovery in lighting upon these wild and unexplored tracts of human nature; witnessing, as it were, the native growth of moral sentiment, and perceiving those generous and romantic qualities which have been artificially cultivated by society, vegetating in spontaneous hardihood and rude magnificence.

In civilized life, where the happiness—and indeed, almost the existence—of man, depends so much upon the opinion of his fellow-men, he is constantly acting a studied part. The bold peculiar traits of native character, are refined away, or softened down by the levelling influence of what is called good-breeding, and he practices so many petty deceptions, and affects so many generous sentiments for the purposes of popularity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real from his artificial character. The Indian, on the contrary, free from the restraints and refinements of polished life, and, in a great degree, a solitary and independent being—obeys the impulses of his inclination, or the dictates of his judgment, and thus the attributes of his nature, being freely indulged, grow singly great and striking. Society is like a lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is

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delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface. He, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and dare the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early colonial history, wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New England. It is painful to perceive, even from these partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization may be traced in the blood of the aborigines; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea—how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth—how many brave and noble hearts, of nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust!

Such was the fate of Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of contemporary Sachems, who reigned over the Pequods, the Narrhagansets, the Wappanoags, and the other Eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England—a band of native, untaught heroes, who made the most generous struggle of which human nature is capable: fighting to the last gasp in the cause of their country, without a hope of victory, or a thought of renown. Worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk, like gigantic shadows, in the dim twilight of tradition.*

When the Pilgrims (as the Plymouth settlers are called by their descendants) first took refuge on the shores of the New World from the religious persecutions of the Old, their situation was, to the last degree, gloomy and disheartening. Few in number, and that number rapidly perishing away through sickness and hardships, surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes, exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic winter, and the vicissitudes of an ever-shifting climate, their minds were filled with doleful

* While correcting the proof-sheets of this article, the author is informed, that a celebrated English poet has nearly finished an heroic poem on the story of Philip of Pokanoket.

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forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into despondency, but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation they were visited by Massasoit, chief Sagamore of the Wampanoags,—a powerful Chief, who reigned over a great extent of country. Instead of taking advantage of the scanty number of the strangers, and expelling them from his territories, into which they had intruded, he seemed, at once, to conceive for them a generous friendship, and extended towards them the rites of primitive hospitality. He came early in the spring to their settlement of New Plymouth, attended by a mere handful of followers; entered into a solemn league of peace and amity; sold them a portion of the soil, and promised to secure for them the good will of his Savage allies. Whatever may be said of Indian perfidy, certain it is that the good faith and integrity of Massasoit, have never been impeached. He continued a firm and magnanimous friend of the White men, suffering them to extend their possessions, and to strengthen themselves in the land, and betraying no jealousy of their increasing power and prosperity. Such was Massasoit.

Shortly before his death, he came once more to New Plymouth, with his son Alexander, for the purpose of renewing the covenant of peace, and securing it to his posterity. At this conference, he endeavoured to protect the religion of his forefathers from the encroaching zeal of the missionaries, and stipulated that no farther attempt should be made to draw off his people from their ancient faith. But, finding the English obstinately opposed to any such condition, he mildly relinquished the demand.

Almost the last act of his life was to bring his two sons, Alexander and Philip (as they had been named by the English), to the residence of a principal settler, recommending mutual kindness and confidence, and entreating that the same love and amity which had existed between the White men and himself, might be continued afterwards with his children. The good old Sachem died in peace, and was happily gathered to his fathers, before sorrow came upon his tribe. His children remained behind, to experience the ingratitude of White men.

His eldest son, Alexander, succeeded him. He was of a quick and impetuous temper, and proudly tenacious of

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his hereditary rights and dignity. The intrusive policy and dictatorial conduct of the strangers, excited his indignation, and he beheld with uneasiness, their exterminating wars with the neighbouring tribes. He was doomed soon to incur their hostility; being accused of plotting with the Narrhagansets, to rise against the English, and drive them from the land. It is impossible to say whether this accusation was warranted by facts, or was grounded on mere suspicions. It is evident, however, by the violent and overbearing measures of the settlers, that they had, by this time, begun to feel conscious of the rapid increase of their power, and to grow harsh and inconsiderate in their treatment of the natives. They despatched an armed force to seize upon Alexander, and to bring him before their court. He was traced to his woodland haunts, and surprised at a hunting-house, where he was reposing with a band of his followers, unarmed, after the toils of the chase. The suddenness of his arrest, and the outrage offered to his sovereign dignity, so preyed upon the irascible feelings of this proud Savage, as to throw him into a raging fever. He was permitted to return home, on condition of sending his son as a pledge for his reappearance. But the blow his feelings had received, was fatal; and, before he reached his home, he fell a victim to the agonies of a wounded spirit.

The successor of Alexander was Metamocet, or King Philip, as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. These, together with his well-known energy and enterprize, had rendered him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of having always cherished a secret and implacable hostility towards the Whites. Such may very probably, and very naturally, have been the case. He considered them as originally but mere intruders into the country, who had presumed upon indulgence, and were extending an influence baneful to Savage life. *He saw the whole race of his countrymen melting before them from the face of the earth;** their territories slipping from their hands, and their tribes becoming feeble, scattered, and dependant. It

* This observation will naturally recal to the reader's mind, the motto on our title-page, 'The Red men are melting,' &c.—Ed.

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may be said that the evil was originally purchased by the settlers. But who does not know the nature of Indian purchases in the early periods of colonization? The Europeans always made thrifty bargains, through their superior adroitness in traffic, and they gained vast accessions of territory, by easily provoked hostilities. * * * * It was enough for Philip to know, that, before the intrusion of the Europeans, his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But, whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he suppressed them for the present, renewed the contract with the settlers, and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or (as it was called by the English) Mount Hope,* the ancient seat of dominion of his tribe. Suspicions, however—which were at first but vague and indefinite—began to acquire form and substance, and he was, at length, charged with attempting to instigate the various eastern tribes to rise at once, and, by a simultaneous effort, to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. * * * * * *

The only positive evidence on record against Philip, is the accusation of one Sausaman, a renegado Indian, whose natural cunning had been quickened by a partial education which he had received among the settlers. He changed his faith and his allegiance two or three times, with a facility that evinced the looseness of his principles. He had acted for some time as Philip's confidential secretary and counsellor, and had enjoyed his bounty and protection. Finding, however, that the clouds of adversity were gathering around his patron, he abandoned his service, and went over to the Whites; and, in order to gain their favour, charged his former benefactor with plotting against their safety. A rigorous investigation took place. Philip and several of his subjects submitted to be examined, but nothing was proved against them. The settlers, however, had now gone too far to retract; they had previously determined that Philip was a dangerous neighbour; they had publicly evinced their distrust, and had done

* New *Bristol*, Rhode Island.

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enough to ensure his hostility. According, therefore, to the usual mode of reasoning in these cases, his destruction had become necessary to their security. Sausaman, the treacherous informer, was shortly after found dead in a pond, having fallen a victim to the vengeance of his tribe. Three Indians, one of whom was a friend and counsellor of Philip, were apprehended and tried, and, on the testimony of one very questionable witness, were condemned and executed as murderers.

This treatment of his subjects, and ignominious punishment of his friend, outraged the pride, and exasperated the passions of Philip. * * * The fate of his insulted and broken-hearted brother, still rankled in his mind, and he had a further warning in the tragical story of Miantonimo, a great Sachem of the Narrhagansets, who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, exculpating himself from a charge of conspiracy, and receiving assurances of amity, had been perfidiously despatched at their instigation. Philip, therefore, gathered his fighting-men about him, persuaded all strangers that he could, to join his cause, sent the women and children to the Narrhagansets, for safety, and wherever he appeared, was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

When the two parties were thus in a state of distrust and irritation, the least spark was sufficient to set them in a flame. The Indians, having weapons in their hands, grew mischievous, and committed various petty depredations. In one of their maraudings, a warrior was fired upon and killed by a settler. This was the signal for open hostilities; the Indians pressed to revenge the death of their comrade, and the alarm of war resounded through the Plymouth colony.

In the early chronicles of these dark and melancholy times, we meet with many indications of the diseased state of the public mind. The gloom of religious abstraction, and the wildness of their situation, among trackless forests and savage tribes, had disposed the colonists to superstitious fancies, and had filled their imaginations with the frightful chimeras of witchcraft and spectrology. They were much given, also, to a belief in omens. The troubles with Philip and his Indians were preceded, we are told, by a variety of those awful warnings which forerun great and public calamities. The perfect form of an In-

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dian bow, appeared in the air at New Plymouth, which was looked upon by the inhabitants as a 'prodigious apparition.' At Hadley, Northampton, and other towns in their neighbourhood, 'was heard the report of a great piece of ordnance, with a shaking of the earth, and a considerable echo.'* Others were alarmed, on a still, sunshiny morning, by the discharge of guns and muskets; bullets seemed to whistle past them, and the noise of drums resounded in the air, seeming to pass away to the westward: others fancied that they heard the galloping of horses over their heads, and certain monstrous births which took place about the time, filled the superstitious in some towns, with fearful forebodings. Many of these portentous sights and sounds may be ascribed to natural phenomena: to the Northern lights, which occur vividly in those latitudes,—the meteors which explode in the air—the casual rushing of a blast through the top-branches of the forest, the crash of falling trees, or disruptured rocks—and to those other uncouth sounds and echoes which will sometimes strike the ear so strangely amidst the profound stillness of woodland solitudes. These may have startled some melancholic imaginations—may have been exaggerated by a love for the marvellous, and listened to with that avidity with which we devour whatever is fearful and mysterious. The universal currency of these superstitious fancies, and the grave record made of them by one of the learned men of the day, are strongly characteristic of the times.

The nature of the contest that ensued, was such as too often distinguishes the warfare between civilized man and savages. On the part of the Whites, it was conducted with superior skill and success, but with a wastefulness of the blood, and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists. On the part of the Indians, it was waged with the desperation of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace, but humiliation, dependance, and decay.

The events of the war are transmitted to us by a clergyman of the time, who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable,

* Rev. Increase Mather.

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whilst he mentions with applause, the most sanguinary atrocities of the Whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor, without considering that he was a true-born Prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects, to avenge the wrongs of his family, to retrieve the tottering power of his line, and to deliver his native land from the oppression of usurping strangers.

The project of a wild and simultaneous revolt—if such had really been formed—was worthy of a capacious mind; and, had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out, was but a war of detail,—a mere succession of casual exploits and unconnected enterprises. Still it sets forth the military genius and daring prowess of Philip; and, whenever—in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it—we can arrive at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous mind, a fertility in expedients, a contempt of suffering and hardship, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, he threw himself into the depths of those vast and trackless forests that skirted the settlements, and were almost impervious to any thing but a wild beast or an Indian. Here he gathered together his forces, like the storm accumulating its stores of mischief in the bosom of the thunder-cloud, and would suddenly emerge at a time and place least expected, carrying havoc and dismay into the villages. There were, now and then, indications of these impending ravages, that filled the minds of the colonists with awe and apprehension. The report of a distant gun would, perhaps, be heard from the solitary woodland, where there was known to be no White man; the cattle which had been wandering in the woods, would sometimes return home wounded, or an Indian or two would be seen lurking about the skirts of the forests, and suddenly disappearing, as the lightning will sometimes be seen playing silently about the edge of the cloud that is brewing up the tempest.

Though sometimes pursued, and even surrounded by the settlers, yet Philip as often escaped, almost miraculously, from their toils, and, plunging into the wilderness, would

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be lost to all search or inquiry, until he again emerged at some far distant quarter, laying the country desolate.

Among his strong-holds were the great swamps, or morasses, which extend through some parts of New England, composed of loose bogs of quaking, deep, black mud, perplexed with thickets, brambles, rank weeds, the shattered and mouldering trunks of fallen trees, overshadowed with lugubrious hemlocks. The uncertain footing, and the tangled mazes of these shaggy wilds, rendered them almost impracticable to the White man, though the Indian could tread their labyrinths with the agility of a deer. Into one of these—the great swamp of Pocassét Neck,—was Philip once driven with a band of his followers. The English did not dare pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits, or be shot down by lurking foes. They, therefore, invested the entrance to the Neck, and began to build a fort, with the thought of starving out the foe; but Philip and his warriors wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, leaving the women and children behind, and escaped to the Westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country, and the colony of Connecticut.

In this way, Philip became a theme of universal apprehension. The mystery in which he was enveloped, exaggerated his real terrors. He was an evil that walked in darkness; whose coming none could foresee, and against which none knew when to be on the alert. The whole country abounded with rumours and alarms. Philip seemed almost possessed of ubiguity; for, in whatever part of the widely extended frontier an eruption from the forest took place, Philip was said to be its leader. Many superstitious notions were also circulated concerning him:—he was said to deal in necromancy, and to be attended by an old Indian witch, or prophetess, whom he consulted, and who assisted him by her charms and incantations. This, indeed, was frequently the case with Indian chiefs, either through their own credulity, or to act upon that of their followers; and the influence of the prophet and the dreamer over Indian superstition, has been fully evidenced in recent instances of savage warfare

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At the time that Philip effected his escape from Pocasset, his fortunes were in a desperate condition. His forces had been thinned by repeated fights, and he lost almost the whole of his resources. In this time of adversity, he found a faithful friend in Canonchet, chief Sachem of all the Narrhagansets. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great Sachem, who, as already mentioned, after an honourable acquittal of the charge of conspiracy, had been privately put to death at the perfidious instigation of the settlers. "He was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice towards the English;"—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his broken forces with open arms, and gave them the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew upon him the hostility of the English, and it was determined to strike a signal blow, that should involve both the Sachems in one common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together, from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and was sent into the Narrhaganset country, in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, could be traversed with comparative facility, and would no longer afford dark and impenetrable fastnesses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had conveyed the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, to a strong fortress, where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound, or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the midst of a swamp. It was constructed with a degree of judgment and skill, vastly superior to what is usually displayed in Indian fortification, and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegado Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this strong hold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack, and several of their bravest officers shot down, in the act of storming, sword in hand. The assault was re-

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newed, and a lodgment effected. The Indians disputed their ground, inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair. Most of their veterans fell; and, after a long and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort, and took refuge in the thickets of the surrounding forest.

The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort: many of the old men, women and children, perished in the flames. This last outrage overcame even the stoicism of the Savage. The neighbouring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors, as they beheld the destruction of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring.

"The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene—so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds—they were in *much doubt* then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity, and the benevolent principles of the gospel.*

The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention. The last scene of his life is one of the noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity.

Broken down in his power and resources, by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his ally, and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers; and declared, that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut, where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of Western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

Early in the spring he departed on a hazardous expedition, with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seconck, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and to procure seed-corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod coun-

* MS. of the Rev. W. Ruggles.

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try, and were in the centre of the Narrhaganset, resting at some wigwams, near Pawtucket river, when an alarm was given of an approaching enemy. Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet despatched two of them to the top of a neighbouring hill, to bring intelligence of the foe.

Panic-struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians, rapidly advancing, they fled, in breathless terror, past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more; one of whom hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him that the whole British army was at hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived, and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians, and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw off, first, his blanket, then, his silver-laced coat and belt of peag, by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit.

At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair, that, as he afterwards confessed, "his heart and his bowels turned within him, and he became like a rotten stick—void of strength."

To such a degree was he unnerved, that, being seized by a Pequod Indian, within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigour of body and boldness of heart. But, on being made prisoner, the whole pride of his spirit arose within him; and, from that moment we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like heroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lofty contempt upon his youthful countenance, replied, "You are a child—you cannot understand matters of war—let your brother or your Chief come—him will I answer."

Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting, with his nation, to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any pro-

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posals of the kind; saying, that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his breach of faith towards the Whites, his boast that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the paring of a Wampanoag's nail, and his threat, that he would burn the English alive, in their houses, he disdained to justify himself, haughtily answering, that others were as forward for the war as himself, and he desired "to hear no more thereof."

So noble and unshaken a spirit—so true a fidelity to his cause and his friend—might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave. But Canonchet was an Indian—a being towards whom war had no courtesy, humanity no law, religion, no compassion:—he was condemned to die! The last words of his, that are recorded, are worthy the greatness of his soul. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed, "*I like it very well; for I shall die before my heart is soft, or I have spoken any thing unworthy of myself.*" He suffered the death of a soldier—for he was shot at Stonington, by three young Sachems, of his own rank.

The defeat at the Narrhaganset fortress, and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirring up the Mohawks to take arms: but, though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies; and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighbouring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, and his ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the Whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His stores were all captured; his friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and, in one of his narrow escapes, he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented, thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family rela-

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tions, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life; that, by sacrificing him, they might purchase dishonourable safety. Through treachery, a number of his faithful adherents—the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip—were betrayed into the hands of his enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape, by crossing a neighbouring river; either exhausted by swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water side. But persecution ceased not at the grave; even death, the refuge of the wretched, where the 'wicked commonly cease from troubling,' was no protection to this outcast female, whose great crime was affectionate fidelity to her kinsman and her friend. Her corpse was the object of unmanly and dastardly vengeance; the head was severed from the body, and set upon a pole, and was thus exposed at Taunton to the view of her captive subjects. They immediately recognized the features of their unfortunate queen, and were so affected at this barbarous spectacle, that we are told they broke forth into the 'most horrid and diabolical lamentations.'

However, Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him; the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart, and reduce him to despondency. It is said, that '*he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his designs.' The spring of hope was broken, the ardour of enterprise was extinguished; he looked around, and all was danger and darkness—there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance.* With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about, like a spectre, among the scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and of friends. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation, than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarely enlisting the feelings of the reader in favour of the hapless warrior *whom he*

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reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods, above a hundred miles, backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came, by *divine permission*, to execute vengeance upon him."

Even at this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him, to ourselves, seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over them, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and the desolateness of his lurking-place. Defeated—but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an idea of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and, in revenge, betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of White men and Indians were immediately despatched to the swamp, where Philip lay concealed, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while, he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet. All resistance was vain,—he rushed forth from his cover, and made a headlong attempt at escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegado Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip;—persecuted while living, slandered and dishonoured when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find that, amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of perpetual warfare, he was alive to the other feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship.

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The captivity of his 'beloved wife and only son,' are mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities. But the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all farther comfort. He was a patriot, attached to his native soil; a prince, true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs; a soldier; daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untameable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forest, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty head to submission, and live dependant and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities, and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian; he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark, foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

REFLECTIONS ON INDIAN CHARACTER.

[Founded on the 'Sketch Book.']

There was a time when our fathers owned this *Island*.* Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. * * * But an evil day came upon us; your forefathers crossed the Great Water, and landed on this Island. * * * * We took pity on them, granted their request, and they sat down among us.—Red Jacket's Speech.†

There is something in the character and habits of the North American Savage,—taken in connexion with the sce-

* A term invariably applied by the Indians to this continent.
† See p. 111.

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nery over which he is accustomed to range—its vast lakes, boundless forests, majestic rivers, and trackless plains—that is, to our mind, wonderfully striking and sublime. He is formed for the wilderness, as the Arab is for the desert. His nature is stern, simple, and enduring—fitted to grapple with difficulties, and to support privations. There seems but little soil in his heart for the growth of the kindly virtues, and yet, if we would but take the trouble to penetrate through that proud stoicism and habitual taciturnity which lock up the character from casual observation, we should find him linked to his fellow-man of civilized life by more of those sympathies and affections than are usually ascribed to him.

It has been the lot of the unfortunate aborigines of America, in the early periods of colonization, to be doubly wronged by the White men. They have been dispossessed of their hereditary possessions, by mercenary, and, frequently, wanton warfare; and their characters have been traduced by bigoted and interested writers. The colonist has often treated them like beasts of the forest; and the author has endeavoured to justify him in his outrages. The former found it easier to exterminate than to civilize; the latter, to vilify, than to discriminate. The appellation of *Savage* and *Pagan* were deemed sufficient to sanction the hostilities of both; and thus the poor wanderers of the forest were persecuted and defamed—not because they were guilty, but because they were ignorant.

The rights of the Savage have seldom been properly appreciated or respected by the White man. In peace, he has too often been the dupe of artful traffic: in war, he has been regarded as a ferocious animal, whose life or death was a question of mere precaution and convenience. Man is cruelly wasteful of life, when his own safety is endangered, and he is sheltered by impunity: and little mercy is to be expected from him when he feels the sting of the reptile, and is conscious of the power to destroy.

The same prejudices which were indulged thus early, exist in common circulation at the present day. Certain learned societies have, it is true, with laudable diligence, endeavoured to investigate and record the real characters and manners of the Indian tribes. The American government, too, has wisely and humanely exerted itself to incul-

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cate a friendly and forbearing spirit towards them, to protect them from fraud and injustice.* The current opinion of the Indian character, however, is too apt to be formed from the miserable hordes which infest the frontiers, and hang on the skirts of the settlements. These are too commonly composed of degenerate beings, corrupted and enfeebled by the vices of society, without being benefited by its civilization. The proud independence, which formed the main pillar of Savage virtue, has been shaken down, and the whole moral fabric lies in ruins. Their spirits are humiliated and debased by a sense of inferiority, and their native courage cowed and daunted by the superior knowledge and power of their enlightened neighbours. Society has advanced upon them like one of those withering airs, that will sometimes breathe desolation over a whole region of fertility. It has enervated their strength, multiplied their diseases, and superinduced, upon their original barbarity, the low vices of artificial life. It has given them a thousand superfluous wants, whilst it has diminished their means of mere existence. It has driven before it the animals of the chase, who fly from the sound of the axe and the smoke of the settlement, and seek refuge in the depths of remoter forests and yet untrodden wilds. Thus do we often find the Indians on our frontiers to be mere wrecks and remnapts of once powerful tribes, who have lingered in the vicinity of the settlements, and sunk into precarious and vagabond existence. Poverty—repining and hopeless poverty, a canker of the mind unknown in Savage life—corrodes their spirits, and blights every free and noble quality of their natures. They become drunken, indolent, feeble, thievish and pusillanimous. They loiter, like vagrants, about the settlements, among spacious dwellings, replete with elaborate comforts, which only render them sensible of the comparative wretchedness of their own condition. Luxury spreads its ample board before their eyes, but they are excluded from the banquet.

* Government is using its best endeavours to introduce among the Indians the arts of civilization, and civil and religious knowledge. To protect them from the frauds of the White traders, no purchase of land from them, by individuals, is permitted: nor is any person allowed to receive lands from them, as a present, without the express sanction of government.

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Plenty revels over the fields—but they are starving in the midst of its abundance: the whole wilderness has blossomed into a garden, but they feel as reptiles that infest it.

How different was their state, while yet the undisputed lords of the soil! Their wants were few, and the means of gratification within their reach. They saw every one around them sharing the same lot, enduring the same hardships, feeding on the same aliments, arrayed in the same rude garments. No roof then arose but was open to the homeless stranger; no smoke curled among the trees, but he was welcome to sit down by its fire, and join the hunter in his repast. "For," says an old historian of New England, "their life is so void of care, and they are so loving also, that they make use of those things they enjoy as common goods, and are therein so compassionate, that —rather than one should starve through want, they would starve all. Thus do they pass their time merrily; not regarding our pomp, but are better content with their own, which some men esteem so meanly of." Such were the Indians, while in the pride and energy of their primitive natures: they resemble those wild plants which thrive best in the shade of the forest, but shrink from the hand of cultivation, and perish beneath the influence of the sun.

* * * * * *

The Indian is, occasionally, subject to flights of sudden exasperation. A notable instance of it, arising from a motive peculiar to his character, is extant, in an old record of the early settlement of Massachusetts. The planters of Plymouth had defaced the monuments of the dead at Passonagessit, and had plundered the grave of the Sachem's mother, of some skins with which it had been decorated. Indians are remarkable for the reverence which they entertain for the sepulchres of their kindred. Tribes, that have passed generations exiled from the abodes of their ancestors, when by chance they have been travelling in the vicinity, have been known to turn aside from the highway, and, guided by wonderfully accurate tradition, have crossed the country, for miles, to some tumulus, buried perhaps in woods, where the bones of their tribe were anciently deposited, and there have passed hours in silent meditation. Influenced by this sublime and holy feeling, the Sachem, whose mother's tomb had been violated, gathered his men

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men together, and addressed them in the following beautifully simple and pathetic language—a curious specimen of Indian eloquence, and an affecting instance of filial piety in a Savage.

"When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath the globe, and birds grew silent, I began to settle, as my custom is, to take repose. Before mine eyes were fast closed, methought I saw a vision, at which my spirit was much troubled; and, trembling at that doleful sight, a spirit cried aloud—'Behold, my son! whom I have cherished—see the breasts that gave thee suck, the hands that lapped thee warm, and fed thee oft! Canst thou forget to take revenge of those wild people who have defaced my monument in a despiteful manner, disdaining our antiquities and honourable customs? See, now, the Sachem's grave lies like the common peoples'—defaced by an ignoble race. Thy mother doth complain, and implores thy aid against this thievish people, who have newly intruded on our land. If this be suffered, I shall not rest quietly in my everlasting habitation.' This said, the spirit vanished; and I—all in a sweat, not able scarce to speak—began to get some strength, and recollect my spirits that were fled, and determined to demand your counsel and assistance."

I have adduced this anecdote at full length, as it tends to show how these sudden acts of hostility, which have been attributed to caprice and perfidy, may often arise from deep and generous motives, which our inattention to Indian character and customs prevents our properly appreciating.

* * * * *

The Eastern tribes have long since disappeared: the forests that sheltered them have been laid low: and scarce any traces remain of them in the thickly-settled states of New England, excepting, here and there, the Indian name of a village, or a stream. And such must, sooner or later, be the fate of those other tribes which skirt the frontiers, and have occasionally been inveigled from their forests to mingle in the wars of White men. In a little while, and they will go the way that their brethren have gone before. * * * * They will vanish, like a vapour, from the face of the earth: their very history will be lost in forgetfulness; and "the places that now know them, will know them no more for ever." Or if,

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perchance, some dubious memorial of them should survive, it may be in the romantic dreams of the poet, to people, in imagination, his glades and groves, like the Fawns, and Satyrs, and Sylvan deities of antiquity. But, should he venture upon the dark story of their wrongs and wretchedness—should he tell how they were invaded, corrupted, despoiled, driven from their native abodes, and the sepulchres of their fathers—hunted like wild beasts, about the earth—and sent down, with violence and butchery, to the grave;—posterity will either turn with horror and incredulity from the appalling tale, or blush with indignation at the inhumanity of their forefathers. "*We are driven back,*" said an old warrior, "*until we can retreat no farther—our hatchets are broken—our bows are snapped—our fires are nearly extinguished: a little longer, and the White man will cease to persecute us—for we shall cease to exist!*"

STOICISM IN A SAVAGE.

Tanner describes a poor fellow—one of a wandering tribe of Indians in the interior of North America—who, being wounded in the hand by the accidental discharge of a gun, and seeing no chance of saving his life, but by amputation, he took two knives, and hacked the edge of one of them into a sort of saw, with the aid of which, and his remaining knife, he deliberately cut off the wounded hand, and cast it from him as far as he could.

DARING FINESSE OF A MUSKOGHEE WARRIOR.

About four years before the Shawanoe Indians were forced to remove from the late Savannah* town, they took a Muskoghee warrior, known by the name of Old Scrany.

* Savannah is a corruption of Shawanoe; and from the tribe of that name it is that Savannah, formerly the capital of Georgia, derives its name; the Shawanoes having occupied the surrounding country.—Ed.

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They beat him in the usual manner, and condemned him to the fiery torture. He underwent a great deal, without showing any concern; his countenance and behaviour argued a total indifference to the torments they were inflicting. He made use of every species of insult; called them old women!—and what worse could he say?—told them he was an old and noted warrior, who had gained most of his preferment for the injuries he had heaped upon their tribe; that they knew not how to die. He had fallen, he said, into their power, by having forfeited the protection of the Great Spirit, through some act of impurity or other: yet he retained virtue enough to enable him to punish himself more exquisitely than all their despicable efforts could effect. "Untie me, then," said he, "and hand me one of the red hot gun-barrels out of the fire, and I will show you the way to use it." The proposal, and his method of address, appeared so exceedingly bold—so unlooked for—that his request was granted.

He now seized a red hot barrel, and, brandishing it from side to side, forced his way through the armed and astonished multitude—leaped down a very steep and high precipice into the river—dived through it—ran over a small island, and passed another bank, amidst a shower of bullets discharged from the commanding ground, on which Fort Moore or New Windsor garrison stood; and, though numbers of his eager enemies were in close pursuit, he gained a brambly swamp, and, naked and mangled as he was, reached his own country once more, and ever afterwards proved a sharp thorn in the side of his late triumphant foes.

THE DISAPPOINTED SAVAGE.

Elliot and Williams were contractors for supplying the army of General Wayne, then waging war against the Indians in Ohio. Mr. Elliot, in travelling between Cincinnati and Hamilton, was shot down by a lurking Savage, who, as is usual, proceeded to take his scalp. Having made an incision for the purpose, the hair came off without an effort; for Elliot, being bald, wore false hair on his crown —technically called a scratch. Disappointed and morti-

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fied at the circumstance, the Savage peevishly exclaimed, "*A d——d lie!*"

AN EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

In the summer of 1806, the following extraordinary circumstance occurred in the neighbourhood of Natchez.

About two o'clock, P. M., an Indian was discovered by the family, entering the south end of Colonel Girault's lane. He drew their attention, being painted in an uncommon manner: his whole body appeared red—he held in his right hand a gun, which he brandished with many gesticulations; in his left, a bottle. He was attended by two other Indians, in rather a sober pace. At the opposite end of the lane some more Indians were discovered, among whom was a man painted in like manner, but unarmed. He was held and detained by a woman: but when the one brandishing his gun came within about twenty steps of him, he burst from the embrace of his wife, and pushed towards his antagonist. About four yards distance they both halted, when the unarmed one presented his naked breast to the other, who took deliberate aim; but, appearing to recollect himself, he dropped his gun, took a drink from the bottle, which was tied to his wrist—the other patiently waiting, and holding his breast open and presented all this time. Having finished his draught, and given a whoop, he took fresh aim, and in an instant the other dropped almost at his feet. This done, he loaded his gun with all possible speed, gave it to a bystander, (son to the deceased), and then, in turn, bared and presented his breast, and was instantaneously sent into eternity.

The dead bodies were carried each the way they had come, and by their respective friends interred, one at each end of the lane. The wife and relatives of the unarmed one—who was first killed—howled over his remains three days and nights. They then disappeared. On Friday last (says the account) they returned again, fired several guns on approaching the grave, gave a general howl, about a quarter of an hour, and retired.

We learn (says the same account) from one among them, who speaks broken English, that they had quarrelled over

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a bottle some considerable time ago, when the Indian, who was first killed, had his finger bitten by the other, in such a manner, that his arm became inflamed. He declared he was 'spoiled,' and they must both die. They agreed, and formed the arrangement as here related.

[From the Galena Advertiser.]

EXALTED SENSE OF HONOUR IN A SAVAGE.

There is no class of beings on earth who hold a pledge more sacred and binding than do the North American Indians. A sample of this was witnessed during the Winnebago war of 1827, in the person of Dek-ker-re, a celebrated Chief of that nation, who, among four other Indians of his tribe, was taken prisoner at Prairie-du-Chien. Colonel Snellin, of the fifth regiment of infantry, who then commanded that garrison, despatched a young Indian into the nation, with orders to inform the other Chiefs of Dek-ker-re's band, that—unless those Indians, who were the perpetrators of the horrid murders of some of our citizens were brought to the fort, and given up within ten days—Dek-ker-re, and the other four Indians who were detained as hostages, would be shot at the end of that time. This awful sentence was pronounced in the presence of Dek-ker-re, who, though protesting his innocence of the outrage, which had been committed by others of his nation, exclaimed, that he feared not death, though it would be attended with serious consequences; inasmuch as he had two affectionate wives, and a large family of small children, who were entirely dependant on him for their support: but, if necessary, he was willing to die for the honour of his nation.

The young Indian had been gone several days, and no intelligence was yet received from the murderers. The dreadful day being near at hand, and Dek-ker-re being in a bad state of health, asked permission of the colonel to go to the river, to indulge in his long accustomed habit of bathing, in order to improve his health. Upon which Colonel S. told him, that if he would promise, on

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the honour of a Chief, that he would not leave the town, he might have his liberty, and enjoy all his privileges, until the day of the appointed execution. Accordingly, he first gave his hand to the Colonel, thanked him for his friendly offer, then raised both his hands aloft, and, in the most solemn adjuration, promised that he would not leave the bounds prescribed; and said, "*if he had a hundred lives, he would sooner lose them all, than forfeit his word, or deduct from his proud nation, one particle of its boasted honour.* He was then set at liberty.

He was advised to flee to the wilderness, and make his escape. But "No!" said he, "do you think I prize life above honour, or that I would betray a confidence reposed in me, for the sake of saving my life?" He then complacently remained until nine days of the ten which he had to live, had elapsed; and, nothing heard from the nation with regard to the apprehension of the murderers, his immediate death became apparent,—but no alteration could be seen in the countenance of the Chief. It so happened, that on that day General Atkinson arrived with his troops, from Jefferson barracks, and the order for the execution was countermanded, and the Indians were permitted to repair to their homes.

A CHOCTAW COUNCIL.

The reader will recollect, that it has become the settled policy of the United States to remove the several tribes of Indians to a country west of the Mississippi. In order to discuss and determine on this subject, in 1830 the Choctaw Indians held a council, in which it was resolved to sell off their lands to the United States, for one million of dollars, and to remove without the States, provided Government would give to each man a section of land, in fee simple, west of the Mississippi, and be at the expense of transporting the tribe to their place of destination, and of supporting them for twelve months after their arrival. The council sat four days, and the following is a short sketch of their proceedings:—

The National Council was organized in the afternoon of

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the 15th of March. This was a juncture of peculiar interest. To see the rulers of a people, preparing to decide upon a course in which their posterity, to the latest generation, was deeply affected, could not but produce a deep and universal solemnity, and this interest was greatly increased by the bitter tears shed by some of the females present. The voice of sorrow is always eloquent; but, at such a season, never could the female voice speak more forcibly the sympathies of our nature. Who could avoid exclaiming, 'O, my native country! Land of my fathers, I must leave thee!'

The Chief presented them with a concise view of the difficulties of their situation, and the alternatives which were before them, and the sad necessity of immediately making their selection. It was at the intimation, that a removal was one of the alternatives, that the women wept.

The Chief was followed by an old Captain in the nation, who, in brief simplicity, recounted his sufferings as a warrior and captain, in fighting for his White brothers, under General Jackson. He named several places where he had fought, and seen the Choctaws bleed and die. At that time, little did he think that his White brothers would ever make it necessary for him, in his old age, to leave his country, and the bones of his father. He would greatly prefer giving up his country, than submit to laws, the nature of which he could not learn, and among a people, the wicked part of whom would harass and ruin them. He expressed a belief that the President would give them a good treaty; and, if he would do so, aged as he was, he would give his voice to go to their lands west of the Mississippi—and, moreover, expressed his belief, that the Great Father above, would go with them, and bless them in their new home.

A Captain of the eastern part of the nation, next came forward. He appeared many years in advance of the first speaker. His white head, palsied limbs, and tremulous voice, made him an object of deepest interest. He was said to have been a warrior under General Wayne. He recounted some of the scenes of his past life, and the hopes which had borne him onward in his course;—he touched upon the disappointment that had clouded his setting sun; but, awakening, as if by supernatural power, he spoke boldly of his confidence in his GREAT FATHER above, and

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expressed his full assurance, that He would accompany his nation, and bless them. The discussion continued until a late hour of the fourth day, when the vote was taken, and found in favour of emigration.

PERFIDY PUNISHED.

In the early part of the revolutionary war, a Sergeant and twelve armed men, undertook a journey through the wilderness of New Hampshire. Their route was remote from any settlements, and they were under the necessity of encamping, over night, in the woods. In the early part of our struggle for independence, the Indians were numerous, and did not stand idle spectators to a conflict carried on with so much zeal and ardour by the Whites. Some tribes were friendly to our cause, while many, upon our borders, took part with the enemy, and were very troublesome, in their savage manner of warfare,—as was often learned from the woful experience of their midnight depredations. The leader of the above-mentioned party was well acquainted with the different tribes, and—from much intercourse with them, previous to the war—was not ignorant of the idiom, physiognomy, and dress, of each; and, at the commencement of hostilities, was informed for which party they had raised the hatchet.

Nothing material happened, the first day of their excursion; but early in the afternoon of the second, they, from an eminence, discovered a body of armed Indians advancing towards them, whose number rather exceeded their own. As soon as the Whites were perceived by their Red brethren, the latter made signals, and the two parties approached each other in an amicable manner. The Indians appeared to be much gratified with meeting the Sergeant and his men, whom—they observed—they considered as their protectors; said they belonged to a tribe which had raised the hatchet with zeal, in the cause of liberty, and were determined to do all in their power to injure the common enemy. They shook hands in friendship, and it was "How d'ye do, *pro?*"—that being their pronunciation of the word brother. When they had conversed with each other, for some time, and exchanged mutual good wishes,

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they separated, and each party travelled in different directions. After proceeding a mile or more, the Sergeant halted his men, and addressed them in the following words:—

"My brave companions!—we must use the utmost caution, or this night may be our last. Should we not make some extraordinary exertion to defend ourselves, to-morrow's sun may find us sleeping, never to wake. You are surprised, comrades, at my words, and your anxiety will not be lessened, when I inform you, that we have just passed our inveterate foe, who, under the mask of pretended friendship you have witnessed, would lull us into fancied security, and, by such means, in the unguarded moments of our midnight slumber, without resistance, seal our fate!"

The men, with astonishment, listened to this short harangue, and their surprise was greater, as not one of them had entertained the suspicion, but that they had just encountered friends. They all immediately resolved to enter into some scheme for their mutual preservation, and destruction of their enemies. By the proposal of their leader, the following plan was adopted:

The spot selected for their night's encampment, was near a stream of water, which served to cover their rear. They felled a large tree, before which, on the approach of night, a brilliant fire was lighted. Each individual cut a log of wood, about the size of his body, rolled it nicely into his blanket, placed his hat upon the extremity, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might be deceived, and mistake it for a man.

After logs, equal in number to the Sergeant's party, were thus equipped, and so artfully arranged, that they might easily be mistaken for so many soldiers, they, with loaded muskets, placed themselves behind a fallen tree; by which time the shades of evening began to close around. The fire was supplied with fuel, and kept burning brilliant until late in the evening, when it was suffered to decline. The critical time was now approaching, when an attack might be expected from the Indians. But the Sergeant's men rested in their places of concealment, with great anxiety, till near midnight, without perceiving any movement of the enemy.

At length a tall Indian was observed through the glimmering of the fire, which was now getting low, cautiously

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moving towards them, making no noise, and apparently using every means in his power to conceal himself from any one about the camp. For a time, his actions showed himself to be suspicious that a guard might be posted, to watch any unusual appearance, who would give the alarm, in case of danger; but, all appearing quiet, he ventured forward more boldly, rested upon his toes, and was distinctly seen to move his finger, as he numbered each log of wood, or, what he supposed to be a human being, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. To satisfy himself more fully, as to the number, he counted them over a second time, and cautiously retired. He was succeeded by a second Indian, who went through the same movements, and retired in the same manner.

Soon after, the whole party, sixteen in number, were discovered, cautiously advancing, and eagerly eyeing their supposed victims. The feelings of the Sergeant's men can better be imagined than described, when they saw the base and perfidious purposes of their enemies, who were now so near, that the former could scarcely be restrained from firing upon them. The plan, however, of the Sergeant was to have his men remain silent, in their places of concealment, till the guns of the savages were discharged, so that their own fire might be more effectual, and opposition less formidable.

Their suspense was not of long duration. The Indians, in a body, cautiously approached till within a short distance; they then halted, took deliberate aim, discharged their pieces upon inanimate logs, gave the dreadful war-whoop, and instantly rushed forward, with tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, to despatch the living, and obtain the scalps of the dead. As soon as they were collected in close order, more effectually to execute these horrid intentions, the party of the Sergeant, with unerring aim, discharged their muskets upon the savages; not one of whom escaped destruction.

A LOCK UPON LEATHER.

An Indian, seeing a lock upon a portmanteau, exclaimed, "*A lock upon* LEATHER, *make my knife laugh!*"

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CHIPPEWYAN INDIANS,*

A numerous people, who consider the country between the parallels of lat. 60 and 65° N. and long. 100 to 110° W., as their lands or home. They speak a copious language, difficult of attainment, which furnishes dialects to the various emigrant tribes that inhabit a vast tract of surrounding country.

Their notion of the creation is singular. [An account of this will be found at page 124.]

They have a tradition among them, very curious, but which the reader will find already related at page 124, together with other characteristics of this people.

The Chippewyans are sober, timorous, and vagrant, with a selfish disposition, which has sometimes excited suspicions of their integrity. Their stature hath nothing remarkable in it; but, though they are seldom corpulent, they are sometimes robust; their complexion swarthy, features coarse, hair lank, but not always of a dingy black; nor have they, universally, the piercing eye, which so generally animates the Indian countenance. The aspect of the women is more agreeable, but their gait is awkward; which proceeds from their being accustomed, nine months in the year, to travel on snow-shoes, and drag sledges of a weight from two to four hundred pounds. They are very submissive to their husbands, who have, however, their fits of jealousy, and, for very trifling causes, will treat them with such cruelty as sometimes to occasion their death. They are frequently objects of traffic, and the father claims the right of his daughter.† The men, in general, extract their beards, though some are seen to prefer a bushy black beard to a smooth chin. They cut their hair in various ways, or leave it long and flowing, as caprice or fancy may suggest. The women always wear it in great length, and some of them pay great attention to its arrangement. If, at any time, they appear despoiled of their tresses, it is a proof of the husband's jealousy, and is considered a severer

* This account may be considered a continuation of the article at page 124. It is founded on M'Kenzie.

† They do not, however, sell them as slaves, but as companions to those who are supposed to live more comfortably than themselves.

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punishment than manual correction. Both sexes have blue or black bars, or from one to four straight lines on their cheeks or forehead, to distinguish the tribe to which they belong. These marks are either tatooed, or made by drawing a thread, dipped in the required colour, beneath the skin.

There are no people more attentive to the comforts of dress, nor less anxious respecting its exterior appearance. Deer skins, in the hair, compose it in winter, and those of the fawns are so skilfully dressed as to equal any chamois leather whatever. The like skins, but without the hair, forms the summer dress. Their shoes and leggins are sewed together; the latter reaching upward to the middle, supported by a belt, under which is drawn a small piece of leather, to cover the private parts; the ends whereof falling down both before and behind. In the shoes are put the hair of the moose or rein-deer, and additional pieces of leather, as socks. The shirt or coat, when girted round the waist, reaches half way down the thigh, and the mittens are sewed to the sleeves, or suspended by strings from the shoulders. A ruff or tippet surrounds the neck, and the skin of the head of the deer is formed into a curious kind of cap. A robe, msde of several deer skins, sewed together, covers the whole. This dress is worn single or double, but always, in the winter, with the hair within and without.

Thus attired, a Chippewyan will lay himself down on the ice, in the middle of a lake, and repose in comfort; though he will sometimes find a difficulty in the morning to disincumber himself from the snow drifted on him during the night. If, on the passage, he should be in want of provision, he cuts a hole in the ice, when he seldom fails of taking some trout or pike, whose eyes he instantly scoops out and devours as a great delicacy. But, if they should not be sufficient to satisfy his appetite, he will, in this necessity, make his meal of the fish in its raw state. "Those whom I saw, (says M'Kenzie,) preferred, however, to dress their victuals, when circumstances permitted.*

* The provision called *pemican*—on which the Chippewyans, as also the other savages of this country, chiefly subsist on their journeys—is prepared thus:—The lean parts of the flesh of the larger animals are

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The dress of the women differs from that of the men. Their leggins are tied below the knee, and their coat, or shift, is wide, hanging down to the ankle, and is tucked up, at pleasure, by means of a belt, fastened around the waist. Such of them as have children, have these garments made very full about the shoulders, as, in travelling, the infants are carried upon the backs of their mothers, next to the skin—in which situation, they are perfectly suckled. Nor does the mother discontinue to give her milk to them until she has another child.

Childbirth is not, among savages, the object of that tender care and solicitude which is evinced among civilized people. At this period, no part of the usual occupations of the woman is suspended, and this continual and regular exercise is thought to be promotive of the welfare of the mother, both in the progress of parturition and in the moment of delivery.

Though the women are as much in the power of the men as other articles of their property, they are always consulted, and possess a very considerable influence in the traffic with Europeans, and in other important concerns.

Plurality of wives is common among them, and the ceremony of marriage is of a very simple nature. The girls are betrothed at a very early period to those whom their parents think the most able to support them—nor is the inclination of the woman consulted. Whenever a separation takes place—which sometimes happens—it depends entirely upon the will and pleasure of the husband.

In common with other North American Indians, they

cut in thin slices, and placed on a wooden grate, over a slow fire, or exposed to the sun, and sometimes to the frosts—but the sun is preferred. When sufficiently dried, it is then pounded between two stones, and, thus prepared, will keep, with care, sweet for several years. If, however, it be kept in large quantities, it is disposed to ferment in the spring of the year; in which case, it must be exposed to the air, or it will soon spoil. The inside fat, and that of the rump—which is much thicker in these wild animals than our domestic ones—is melted down, and mixed, in a boiling state, with the pounded meat, in equal proportions: it is then put in baskets, or bags, for the convenience of carrying it. Thus it becomes a nutritious food, and is eaten without further preparation, or the addition of any kind of seasoning, &c. A little time reconciles the palate to it. There is another sort, made with the addition of marrow and dried berries, which is of a superior quality.

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have a custom, respecting the periodical state of a woman, which is rigorously observed. At that time she must seclude herself from society. She is not even allowed, in that situation, to keep the same path as the men when travelling: and it is considered a great breach of decency for a woman, so circumstanced, to touch any utensils of manly occupation, as communicating pollution to them, that would be followed with certain misfortune. There are particular skins, which the women never touch—as of the bear, the wolf, and those animals the men are seldom known to kill.

They are not remarkable for their activity as hunters, and this is owing to the ease with which they snare deer and spear fish; and these occupations are not beyond the strength of their old men, women, and boys; so that they participate in those laborious occupations, which, among their neighbours, are confined to the women.

They make war on the Esquimaux, who cannot resist their superior numbers, and put them to death; as it is a principle with them—a truly savage principle!—never to make prisoners. And yet, when treated as enemies by the Knisteneaux—who are not so numerous as themselves—they tamely submit to the weaker power!

They do not affect that cold reserve at meeting either among themselves or strangers, so common to the Knisteneaux, and other Indians in general; but, at once, are open and communicative. Nor are they roused, like them, from an apparent torpor to a state of great activity.

As the Chippewyans abstain from spirituous liquors, they enjoy the uninterrupted use of their mental faculties, and this naturally leads them to the advancement of their own interests. Hence they have been charged—though, perhaps, very unjustly—as cherishing a fraudulent disposition. One amiable trait in their character is their love of peace—a virtue so little cherished by other tribes of Savages. M'Kenzie, indeed, represents them "as the most peaceable tribe of Indians known in North America." They possess a querulous disposition, however, which they show, by incessantly repeating the word *Eduiy*—'it is hard'—in a whining, plaintive tone of voice.

Like other ignorant Savages, the Chippewyans have their

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conjurers, in whom are united the characters of priest and physician, and who exercise a mischievous influence over the popular mind.

In their pursuit of game, they sometimes drive the deer into the small lakes, where they spear them, or force them into enclosures, where the bow and arrow effect their destruction. They are also taken in snares made of skin. In the former case, the game is divided among the individuals engaged: in the latter, it is considered as private property: yet, notwithstanding, any unsuccessful hunter passing by may take a deer, so ensnared, leaving the head, skin, and saddle, for the owner. Thus, though they have nothing like regular government among them—every man being absolute lord over his own family—yet they are influenced by a blend of feelings, partaking of the *meum et tuum*, and of a native hospitality, that conduce to the benefit of the whole.

Their individual quarrels are rarely attended with greater injury than what may proceed from blows, or wrestling and pulling of hair; while their abusive language consists in applying to the object of their displeasure the name of the most offensive animal they know—with the addition of a prefix, such as *ugly*, and *chiay*, or *still-born*.*

Their weapons and domestic articles—in addition to others procured from Europeans—consist of the bow and arrow, spears, fishing-nets, and lines, made of green deer thongs. They have, also, nets for taking the beaver, as he endeavours to escape from his lodge, on breaking into it. When the beaver is thus ensnared, and taken out of the net, he is thrown upon the ice, where *he lies motionless, as if dead*—a most singular trait in the beaver character. The same deceit, however, is remarkable in the oppossum.

* This name is also applicable to the fœtus of an animal, when killed, and which they consider a great dainty.

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[Founded on Thatcher's Indian Biography.]

RED JACKET.

SAGNOAHA, or the *Keeper-Awake*,—better known by the name of *Red-Jacket*, was a Chief of the Seneca tribe of Indians, in the State of New-York. He was the successor of the celebrated *Cornplant*, (corruptly called Cornplanter), and gained his influence by the same cause which deprived Cornplant of his. By the treaty of Fort Stanwix, in 1784, the latter lost his popularity. With the view to restore his waning influence, he persuaded his brother to assume the character of a prophet, and, among others of his party, to denounce Red Jacket. The accusation was preferred at a great council at Buffalo Creek. The late governor, De Witt Clinton, in one of his discourses, says:—"At this crisis, Red Jacket well knew that the future colour of his life depended upon the powers of his mind. He spoke in his defence for near three hours; the iron brow of superstition relented under the magic of his eloquence. He declared the prophet an impostor and a cheat; he prevailed—the Indians divided, and a small majority appeared in his favour. Perhaps the annals of history cannot furnish a more conspicuous instance of the power and triumph of oratory in a barbarous nation, devoted to superstition, and looking up to the accuser as a delegated minister of the Almighty."

Even anterior to this triumph, he had distinguished himself as an orator, in the treaty held with the Six Nations, on the shore of Canandaigua Lake. After the triumph of Red Jacket over Cornplant, he rose rapidly in the esteem of his countrymen, who soon afterwards elected him a Chief, "and then, upon all occasions, obeyed him in peace, and followed him in war." Having resolved to restore his people to their primitive state, the question arose, "Is it to be accomplished by receiving or rejecting the proffered civilization of the Whites?" It was determined to reject it, and ever afterwards, he resisted all innovation on the charter, and all intrusion on the territory of his nation. He was a pagan in principle, and was prouder, if possible, of his genuine *Indianism*, than of his oratory.

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At a council held for the purpose of purchasing from his tribe the Reservation, commonly called the Holland Purchase, Red Jacket made a shrewd and very able speech, in opposition to the sale. The spirit and eloquence with which he invariably resisted the efforts of the priests to Christianize his tribe, may be gathered from the following extract from one of his speeches, delivered at Albany:—

"Brother!

"Listen to what we have to say. These men (the priests) do us no good. They deceive every body. They deny the Great Spirit, whom we, and our fathers before us, have looked upon as our Creator. They disturb us in our worship. They tell our children they must not believe like our fathers and mothers, and tell us many things we do not understand, and cannot believe. They tell us we must be like White people, but they are lazy and won't work, nor do teach our young men to do so. The habits of our women are worse than they were before these men came among us, and our young men drink more whisky. We are willing to be taught to read and write, and work, but not by people who have done us so much injury.

"Brother!—we wish you to lay before the council-fire, the wishes of your Red brethren. We ask our brothers not to blot out the law which has made us peaceable and happy, and not force a strange religion upon us. We ask to be let alone, and, like the White people, to worship the Great Spirit as we think best; we shall then be happy in filling the little space in life which is left us, and shall go down to our fathers in peace."

These sentiments, in opposition to the efforts of the Missionaries, he retained throughout life, and repeated on a variety of occasions, with much power and eloquence. Of his military renown, it is remarked, that Red Jacket took his earliest lessons in the art of war, during the revolution, in the ranks of those Senecas who so singularly distinguished themselves by their ravages on the frontiers of New-York, Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, and Virginia. The only reference, however, which he ever made himself to that part of his history (so far as we know) was latterly, at Buf-

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falo, when he was introduced to General La Fayette, then on his tour through the country. He reminded the latter of a council at Fort Stanwix, in 1784, when both were present, and which had been called with the view of negociating a treaty with some of the Six Nations. "And where" asked La Fayette, "is the young warrior who so eloquently opposed the burying of the tomahawk?" "*He is before you!*" answered the Chief. "Ah,"—he added, with a melancholy air, and stripping off a handkerchief which bound his bald head,—"time has made bad work with me; but you, I perceive,"—(and here he narrowly reconnoitred the General's wig)—"*you* have hair enough left yet!"

In 1810, Red Jacket gave information to the Indian agent, that attempts were making by Tecumseh, to draw the Senecas into the great western combination. During the late war, he insisted on taking part with the Americans, and a grand council of the Six Nations was called, and a proclamation issued, declaring war, on the part of those tribes, against Upper and Lower Canada. After peace was concluded, Red Jacket resumed, with his accustomed energy, the superintendance of the civil interests of the Senecas. In the latter years of his life, he fell into those habits of intoxication, so common among the aborigines, and which, in 1827, resulted in depriving him of his civil power of the tribe, for which, indeed, it is probable, he was incapacitated, by his indulgence in the use of ardent spirits.

The party opposed to Red Jacket, was styled The Christian Party. To the degradation thus put upon him, he did not quietly submit; in less than a month after his deposition, a grand council was held, of the Chiefs of the Six Nations, at the council-house of the Seneca Village Reservation. Here again he made an artful speech, on the origin of the attack upon him, and concluded in these words:—"I will not consent"—sagaciously identifying his disgrace with his opposition to the Christians,—"I will not consent silently to be trampled under foot. As long as I can raise my voice, I will oppose such measures. As long as I can stand in my moccasins, I will do all that I can for my Nation."

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This conference resulted in his restoration to his former rank. As late as the year 1829, Red Jacket visited the Atlantic cities, at which time he was more than seventy years of age; he was then habitually temperate. He died in January, 1830, at the Seneca village, near Buffalo; he was the father of thirteen children, all of whom he buried in his lifetime.

"One of the most distinguished public men" says the biographer of Red Jacket, "of the State in which the Chieftain resided, was wont to say, that the latter reminded him strongly of the celebrated orator of Roanoke, in his best estate, and that those two were the only orators of nature he had ever seen or heard." We have only room for one or two anecdotes of this Chief.

During the last war with England, Colonel Snelling, posted on the Niagara frontier, showed some peculiarly gratifying attentions to Red Jacket. The former being, soon after, ordered to Governor's Island, the Chief came to bid him farewell. "Brother," said he, "I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a governor yourself. I am told you White's consider children a blessing. I hope you will have one thousand, at least. Above all, wherever you go, I hope you will never find whisky more than two shillings a quart!" This hope was expressed before the chieftain had corrected his inordinate passion for this besotting liquor, called by all Indians, 'strong water.'

It seems that, many years ago, when the notorious impostor, Jemima Wilkinson, went around, to make proselytes to her doctrines, she invited some of the Senecas to a conference; Red Jacket attended patiently, listened to the end of a long address, most of it, he probably understood, but, instead of replying to the argument in detail, he laid the axe at the root of her authority. Rising, with true Indian gravity, and speaking a few words in the Seneca tongue, he observed his antagonist to inquire what he was talking about. "Ha!" he exclaimed, with an arch look, "She inspired—she Jesus Christ—and not know *Indian!*" The solidity of her pretensions was, at once, decided in the minds of, at least, the heathen part of her audience.

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ESQUIMAUX, OR ENUEES.

These Savages do not acknowledge the appellation of *Esquimaux*, as appropriate to themselves, it being a term of reproach, meaning 'eaters of raw flesh.' And yet the name is not wholly inapplicable, as the *men* eat flesh in a raw state, but the *women*, almost universally, subject it to the operation of cooking. The name they give themselves is *Enuees*. They inhabit the dreary frozen regions of Hudson's Bay, Davis's Strait, Labrador, &c. The arctic expeditions of 1818 and '19, have added somewhat to our scanty knowledge of those who occupy the two first named countries. We shall extract a few striking traits from the character given of this rude people—a people apparently among the simplest of the human race.

Captain Ross, who commanded the first expedition, being desirous of a parley with the natives, fixed to a pole, a flag, on which was a representation of the sun and moon, over a hand holding a sprig of heath—the only shrubby-like appearance which the country affords. This pole was erected on an iceberg, midway between the ships, having a bag attached to it, containing presents, with the device of a hand pointing to a ship.

Some days afterwards (in August, lat. 75° 58') a number of the natives appeared, in eight sledges, drawn by dogs,—the only domesticated animal among them. They halted, a mile from the ships, and, alighting, ascended an iceberg, as if to reconnoitre. Remaining nearly half an hour, apparently in consultation, four of them descended, and came towards the flag-staff,—which, however, they did not venture to approach. John Sacheuse, a Southern Esquimaux, (who had been in England, and came out with this expedition), was despatched, bearing a small white flag, with presents, to bring them, if possible, to a parley. There was a canal, or chasm, in the ice, between him and the natives. Placing his flag at some distance from the chasm—which was not passable without a plank—he advanced to the edge, and made friendly signs for those opposite to approach as he did. This they partly complied with, halting at the distance of three hundred yards, when, dismounting from their sledges, they set up a loud

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simultaneous hallo, which was answered by Sacheuse. They now advanced a little nearer, and, after satisfying themselves that the canal was impassable, one of them seemed to acquire confidence. Shouts, words, and gestures, were exchanged for sometime, to no purpose, though each party, seemed, in some degree, to recognize each other's language. Sacheuse, after a time, thought he could discover they spoke the *Humooke* dialect—drawling out their words, however, to an unusual length. He immediately adopted that dialect; and, holding up the presents, called out to them "*Kahkeite*,"—"come on!"—to which they answered, "Naakrie, naakricai plaite!" that is,—"no, no;—go away!" and other words, which he made out to mean, that they hoped we were not come to destroy them.

The boldest then approached to the verge of the canal, and, drawing from his boat a knife, repeated, "Go away! I can kill you." Sacheuse, not intimidated, told them, he also was a man, but a friend—throwing, at the same time, across the canal, some strings of beads and a chequered shirt. These, however, they beheld with great distrust and apprehension, still calling out, "Go away! don't kill us." Sacheuse then threw them an English knife, saying, "Take that." On this, they advanced with caution, picked up the knife, then shouted and *pulled their noses*. These actions were imitated by Sacheuse, who, in return, called out, "*Heigh-yaw!*"—pulling his nose, with the same gesture. They now pointed to the shirt, demanding what it was; and being told that it was an article of clothing, asked of what *skin* it was made. Sacheuse replied, that it was made of the hair of an animal, which they had never seen. Upon this, they picked it up, with expressions of surprise, and began to ask many questions; for, by this time, they found the language spoken by themselves and Sacheuse had sufficient resemblance to enable them to hold some communication.

They first pointed to the ships, asking, *What great creatures those were?* "*Do they come from the sun or the moon? Do they give us light by night or by day?*" Sacheuse told them that he was a man—that he had a father and mother like themselves; and, pointing to the South, said, that he came from a distant country in that direction. To this they answered, "*That cannot be—there is nothing but ice*

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there." They again asked, *What creatures these were*—pointing to the ships: to which Sacheuse replied, They were houses made of wood. This they seemed to discredit, answering, "*No!—they are alive. We have seen them move their wings.*" Sacheuse now inquired, What they themselves were. *They were men*, they said, *and lived in that direction:* pointing to the NORTH: *that there was much water there, and that they had come here to fish for sea-unicorns.* It was then agreed that he should bridge the chasm for them, and he returned to the ship to ask for a plank.

Sacheuse was instructed to entice them to the ship, and two men were sent with a plank, which was accordingly placed across the chasm. They appeared still much alarmed—timidity having taken absolute possession of their souls—and signified that he only should come over. He accordingly passed to the opposite side: upon which, *they earnestly besought him not to touch them, as, if he did, they should certainly die.* After many arguments were used to persuade them that he was flesh and blood, like themselves, one of them ventured to touch his hand; then, pulling himself by the nose, set up a shout, in which he was joined by Sacheuse and the other two. The presents were then distributed, consisting of two or three articles of clothing and a few strings of beads.

The hope of obtaining some important information made Captain Ross desirous to communicate with these poor Savages himself. For this purpose Lieutenant Parry, commanding the other ship employed in the expedition, accompanied him to the spot where the party was assembled. They proceeded with additional presents—such as looking-glasses, knives, caps and shirts. "By the time we reached it," says the captain, "the whole were assembled: those who had originally been left at a distance, with their sledges, having driven up to join their comrades. The party now consisted of eight natives, with all their sledges, and about fifty dogs, two sailors, Lieutenant Parry and myself. * * * * The noise and clamour may easily be conceived—the whole talking and shouting together, and the dogs howling, while the natives were flogging them to preserve order."

Our navigators' arrival produced a visible alarm—caus-

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ing the natives to retreat a few steps toward their sledges. "On this," says Ross, "Sacheuse called to us *to pull our noses*—as he had discovered this to be their mode of friendly salutation. This was done, and answered accordingly. Their shouts were also imitated, with an occasional interjection of *Heigh-yaw!*—which was found to be an expression of surprise and pleasure. Looking-glasses and knives were now distributed. The natives, on seeing their faces reflected in the glasses, were seized with inexpressible astonishment! They looked around in silence, for a moment, at each other, and at their visitors. This was succeeded by a general shout and a loud laugh—expressive of extreme delight as well as surprise, in which their visitors joined, partly from inability to resist it, and partly to show they were pleased with their new acquaintances.

Having thus acquired the confidence of the natives, the latter advanced to their novel friends, presenting them with horns of the sea-unicorn, teeth of the sea-horse, &c., in exchange for the presents received. They were now prevailed on to visit the captain's ship. On approaching within a hundred yards, one of them—who had joined the captain, and was ahead of the rest—suddenly stopped. It was attempted to urge him on, but in vain. Evident terror forbade his advancing another step, till his comrades came up. It was apparent, that he still believed the vessel to be *a living creature.* He halted to contemplate her; looked up at the masts, and examined every part, with the greatest astonishment and terror. Then, addressing the ship, he cried out—in words perfectly intelligible to Sacheuse, and in a loud tone—"*Who are you? What are you? Where do you come from? Is it from the Sun or the Moon?*"—pausing between every question, and pulling his nose with the utmost solemnity. The rest now came up in succession, each showing similar surprise, and making use of the same expressions, accompanied by the same extraordinary ceremony. Sacheuse now laboured to assure them, that the ship was only a wooden house, and pointed out the boat, which had been hauled on the ice to repair, saying, it was a smaller one of the same kind. This arrested their attention: they examined it, as well as the carpenter's tools and the oars, very minutely—having never before seen any *wood,* except the plank, already mentioned, and a piece of

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wreck that had drifted ashore. Their surprise was wonderfully excited at each object in its turn, and succeeded by the most ludicrous ejaculations. The boat was now ordered to be launched into the sea, with a sailor in it, and hauled up again—at the sight of which, they set no bounds to their clamour. The ice-anchor, a heavy piece of iron, shaped like the letter S, and the cable, were interesting objects in their eyes: the former they tried, in vain, to remove, and eagerly inquired of what skins it was made.

"By this time," says Captain Ross, "the officers of both ships had surrounded them, (the natives), while the bow of the Isabella, which was close to the ice, was crowded by the crew. And certainly a more ludicrous, yet interesting scene, was never beheld, than that which took place, whilst they were viewing the ship: nor is it possible to convey to the imagination any thing like a just representation of the wild amazement, joy, and fear, which successively pervaded the countenances, and governed the gestures of these creatures, who gave full vent to their feelings: and, I am sure, it was a gratifying scene, which never can be forgotten by those who witnessed and enjoyed it.

"Their shouts, halloos, and laughter, were heartily joined in, and imitated, by all hands, as well as the ceremony of nose-pulling, which could not fail to increase our mirth on the occasion. That which most of all excited their admiration, was the circumstance of a sailor's going aloft. * * * * The sails, which hung loose, they naturally supposed were skins.

We now proceed to other particulars, gathered from various sources, concerning these children of nature.

It appears—as may well be supposed—that their knowledge of figures is very limited—five and ten being their most obvious enumerations. When they wish to express the former, one hand is held up: the latter, of course, requires both. But, when the sum exceeds that number, an Esquimaux calls on his neighbour to help him out, by holding up one or two hands, as occasion requires. Captain Parry relates a ludicrous anecdote connected with this sort of dumb show. An officer was conversing with a native alone, who wanted to make the large and unusual sign of thirty. He held up both hands, and was then sadly puzzled how to go farther. It never occurred to him to

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break off, and repeat the signal, in any way: but he at length happily struck upon ten more, by getting the officer to raise his digitals. Here were twenty, but the ten to be added, was the *pons asinorum* of Esquimaux numerals! The difficulty seemed insuperable: but again his genius befriended the calculator: he held up one of his feet—twenty-five! What was now to be done? Like one of the wise men of Gotham, our knowing Savage tried to hold up the other foot at the same time, and his efforts to raise all his other limbs simultaneously, were the most ludicrous that can be imagined. But, it could not be managed; and it was not without an immensity of trouble that the proposed number was finally expressed, by the four hands and one foot of each of the conversing parties.

The Esquimaux are represented as being peaceable and good natured;—not stupid, but not eminent for feeling or intelligence.

No signs of the worship of a Supreme Being appeared among them. They seemed, however, to entertain some crude ideas of a future state. But, on these matters, all their ideas were so blended with superstition, that they hardly deserve to be mentioned. Apparently, they observed no religious rites at marriages or burials. An Esquimaux bespeaks his wife, while she is yet a child, and, when marriageable, she is brought to him, and there is a feast on the occasion. Their funerals are equally simple: if in winter, the corpse is merely covered over with snow; if in summer, a shallow trench is dug, wherein it is deposited, and two or three flat stones, at top, complete the sepulchre. Their snow-houses are curiously shaped and constructed, resembling three immense bee-hives, grouped together, and entered through one common passage, by all three families, to whom they furnish an abode. A trefoil affords a tolerable idea of them. They are each about nine feet in diameter, and seven or eight in height. The passage is about twenty feet in length, and so low, that one must creep along nearly on all-fours in order to reach the hut. This is ingeniously intended to exclude the cold air, which it does effectually, though widened, in parts, for lodging the dogs that belong to the several households, and which are stationed in the last sort of antichamber, before the entrances turn off to the right and left for the two nearest huts. The

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huts themselves are made entirely of square blocks of solid snow, with a large key-block at the top of the rotunda. The window is a piece of flat, transparent ice. Around the interior runs a seat of the same material as the walls, upon which the skins of the animals are thrown, for seats and beds. The houses are without any artificial warmth, except what is produced by a kind of oil-lamp, in which they use pieces of dry moss for wicks.

Captain Franklin, in describing the visit of a body of Esquimaux to his ship, while in Hudson's Strait, says—"They immediately evinced their desire to barter, and displayed no small cunning in making their bargains—taking care not to exhibit too many articles at first. Their principal commodities were oil, sea-horse teeth, whalebone, seal-skin dresses, caps and boots, deer-skins and horn, and models of their canoes: and they received in exchange small saws, knives, nails, tin kettles and needles. It was pleasing to behold the exultation, and to hear the shouts of the whole party, when an acquisition was made by any one, and not a little ludicrous to behold the eagerness with which the fortunate person *licked each article with his tongue*, on receiving it—as a finish to the bargain, and an act of appropriation. They in no instance omitted this strange practice, however small the article: the needles even passed individually through the ceremony. The women brought imitations of men, women, animals and birds, carved with labour and ingenuity, out of sea-horse teeth. The dresses and the figures of the animals were not badly executed: but there was no attempt at the delineation of the countenances, and most of the figures were without eyes, ears, and fingers—the execution of which would, perhaps, have required more delicate instruments than they possess. The men set most value on saws. *Kuttee-swa-bak*, the name by which they distinguish them, was a constant cry. Knives were held next in estimation. An old sword was bartered—and I shall long remember the universal burst of joy on the happy man's receiving it. It was delightful to witness the general interest excited by individual acquisitions. There was no desire shown by any one to overreach his neighbour, or to press towards any part of the ship where a bargain was making, until the person in possession of the place had completed his exchange, and removed;

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and, if any article happened to be demanded from the outer canoes, the men nearest assisted willingly in passing the thing across.

"Their faces were broad and flat, the eyes small. The men were, in general, stout. Some of the younger women, and the children, had rather pleasing countenances; but the difference between these and the more aged of that sex, bore strong testimony to the effects which a few years produce in this ungenial climate. Most of the party had sore eyes: all of them appeared of a plethoric habit of body: several were observed bleeding at the nose, during their stay near the ship. The men's dresses consisted of a jacket of seal-skin, the trowsers of bear-skin, and several had caps of the white fox-skin. The female dresses were made of the same materials, but differently shaped—having a hood, in which the infants were carried. We thought their manner very lively and agreeable. They were fond of mimicking our speech and gestures; but nothing afforded them greater amusement than when we attempted to retaliate, by pronouncing any of their words. The canoes were of seal-skin, and similar, in every respect, to those used by the Esquimaux in Greenland: they were generally new, and very complete in their appointments. Those appropriated to the women are of ruder construction, and only calculated for fine weather: they are, however, useful vessels, being capable of containing twenty persons with their luggage. An elderly man officiates as steersman, and the women paddle:—but they have also a mast, which carries a sail, made of dressed whale-gut.

"When the women had disposed of all their articles of trade, they resorted to entreaty, and the putting in practice of many enticing gestures, was managed with so much address as to procure them presents of a variety of beads, needles, and other articles in great demand among females."

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MARIA ANTOINETTE JONES.*

AN ANECDOTE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The numerous acts of unparalleled cruelty which were perpetrated by the Goths and Vandals, who endeavoured to prevent the achievements of the liberties of our ancestors, are too well known to all who have paid the least attention to the history of the country. Had they been confined to the common enormities of modern warfare, they would have been passed by unnoticed: or, if noticed, they would have been portrayed by the pencil of the impartial historian, who would rather hide them from the view of mortals, than present them to the gaze and contemplation of succeeding generations.

Of all the bloody deeds that were perpetrated by the savage allies of England, that which closed, in death, the life and hopes of Maria Antoinette Jones, was the most cruel and appalling.

This young lady, and beautiful girl, was the daughter of an American loyalist. She was celebrated alike for her beauty and talents, and the reputation of her thousand bewitching charms induced an English officer to seek for her, and, if possible, to obtain her hand in holy wedlock.

Although the situation of affairs between the colonies and the Canadas was such as to forbid the officer's having an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the celebrated beauty, he, by stratagem and address, obtained an interview, and soon formed an intimate acquaintance with her, whose charms he had so often spoken of, but which, till now, he had never witnessed.

At the first interview, he found that all the encomiums which had been lavished on Antoinette did not exceed—nay, they did not equal—her real merits: and his fond heart became enamoured of one who was born for the happiness of man, and to spread around the sphere that encircled her, the most extatic delight.

* The reader may see, in Bissett's Continuation of Hume's History of England, vol. i, chap. xix, page 440, the interesting facts on which the following paragraphs are predicated.

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The officer—after having remained some days in the neighbourhood of the residence of the family of Miss Jones, without being suspected—made known to her, in an open and unequivocal declaration, the sentiments of his heart, and solicited her hand in wedlock.

He was an officer of more than ordinary rank; had distinguished himself in several battles on the continent—particularly at Estremadura:—his form was well turned, dignified, and imposing. Maria loved him, and pledged herself that she would wed him—and him only.

His absence had already been protracted beyond the time of limitation, and, as his services were required by his general, he hastened to the Canadas, but promised to return in the course of a few weeks, and redeem the pledge he had made in the presence of the Almighty.

Soon after he returned to his native camp, an order was issued forbidding any one to cross the Canadian line, on pain of death; and requiring all to be on the alert, to discover if any one dared to contravene the order, and offering a tempting reward for any one who should be detected in venturing to disobey it.

Thus cut off from her whom he loved—"not wisely, but too well"—and having ascertained that the commander of the British armies had issued a decree, whereby the Savages were let loose on the unprotected border settlers—the officer, aware of the danger that attended Antoinette, while she remained in the dominion of the "rebels," secretly offered the reward of a barrel of ardent spirits to any one would procure her safe passage across the wilderness, to his place of encampment. Two Indians, the one called Kitefoot, the other Eaglehead, undertook the task, and the innocent and confiding girl submitted herself to their protection—little dreaming of the fate that was destined to await her.

They had travelled two days and nights on their journey, and the tender and blushing girl received from her guides and protectors every mark of kindness and attention that she could wish—and thanked her kind stars that the fates had been so kind to her, and indulged in a thousand anticipated joys, that were to be afforded by him, the sole possessor of her heart.

They had now arrived near the end of their journey:—

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a few more hours would carry them to its conclusion, and all would be well.

As they proceeded slowly through the forest, Kitefoot's countenance began to assume a sombre aspect. He was dull and moody, while Eaglehead was animated, communicative, and happy.

For some hours the party passed along the pathway, Kitefoot preserving his dull and morbid manner, until they arrived within a mile or two of their destination:—when, suddenly, he halted, and, seizing Eaglehead by the throat, exclaimed—"I have been thinking which of us shall have the reward which is promised for the safe delivery of this maiden to the English officer. If Eaglehead have it, Kitefoot cannot: if Kitefoot receive it, then it is lost to Eaglehead;—say—"Shall I cut your throat, or you cut mine?"

There was a kind of energy in his manner which told too plainly that he was not to be trifled with:—his sunburnt and weather-beaten countenance displayed a correct picture of the operations of the contending passions. And, although Eaglehead was not intimidated by the boisterous manner of his assailant, he dreaded the approaching storm and mortal contest.

Eaglehead, dashing back the hand of Kitefoot with rage and indignation, coolly, and yet firmly replied—"Kitefoot, I did not expect this from a warrior so renowned as you are—from one who has been the boast of his tribe, and who has been followed as an example of virtue. The reward will be paid, and divided equally between us. Kitefoot will receive no more than Eaglehead, and Eaglehead no more than Kitefoot."

"I will have none of it," said Kitefoot, "or I will have the whole. Eaglehead shall have the whole of it, or none. Here is my bosom, as bare as it was when first my mother mantled it with the oak-leaf of the forest—lay thine as bare, and contend with me for life and victory." Eaglehead started back with indignation. "Fight thee, thou ungrateful one—contend with thee for the reward of the White man!—nay, I'll not stain my hands with blood so base as thine. I despise such a wretch as thou art—and I will not disgrace my people by fighting with one so infamous and vile. Cover thy coward bosom, lest thy rapacious and sordid heart should escape its boundaries. Nay, do

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not frown:—you cannot look me dead—Eaglehead cannot be frightened by Kitefoot."

The sordid Kitefoot—worked up to the very climax of rage and madness—would have assailed his noble opposer—but he dared not:—and, grasping his tomahawk, he replied, in a voice of thunder—"Since neither of us can receive the White man's reward, neither of us shall have it—and the Englishman shall lose his treasure."

Eaglehead gazed with firmness on the enraged and malignant Kitefoot:—and, turning to pick up his rifle, which lay upon the ground, his eye, for a moment, was removed from the object on which it had lingered, and Kitefoot, taking advantage of it, with one fell blow, plunged his tomahawk into the unsuspecting and helpless Antoinette, and laid her lifeless on the spot—and, with a horrid laugh, gloried in the deed he had perpetrated. "Now, take thy bounty," he exclaimed, as he glanced his furious eye on Englehead—"take the reward of thy cowardice, and meet thy foe, arm to arm, and breast to breast."

Eaglehead, no longer capable of restraining his indignation, and moved by all the noble and generous feelings of his nature, now sprang into action—threw aside his rude vestments, and, with a fierce leap, sprang upon the murderer. A fierce and dreadful struggle ensued. For a while it was uncertain which would triumph—but, at last, the gods and justice awarded the vantage to the noble Eaglehead:—he triumphed, and, in a moment, Kitefoot lay a bleeding and a dying victim at his feet. For a moment, he struggled to revive and renew the attack, but life was fast ebbing—the 'death-eagle flapped her broad wing' over his frame—he uttered a deep and a thrilling shriek, and sunk to rise no more!

Eaglehead joyed amid his triumph and his sorrows—and having disposed of the body of Antoinette, and lodged it in a place of security, departed to convey the sad intelligence of the unnatural murder to the officer, who had confided to his protection the lovely maiden.

With a bosom swelling with grief, rage, and despair, the heart-broken lover repaired to the place of bloodshed—fell lifeless upon the yet bleeding body of her who was every thing to him, and without whom the world were nothing—and with her slumbered in the same grave. The shock of

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affliction was too heavy—his nature could not support it—and the lovers met only in the regions of the happy.

The officers and soldiers of the garrison being informed of the melancholy fate of Captain Hillard, repaired to the spot; and, whilst the melancholy band chaunted a death hymn over the bodies of the unfortunate lovers, they were committed to the sepulchre, amid the shades of the forest; and a little monument was erected by the rude artists of the garrison, to perpetnate their memories, and to commemorate their misfortunes and virtues—their history and untimely fall.

Eaglehead, for his fidelity and heroism, was rewarded by his majesty of England with an appropriate medallion, and was afterwards distinguished among the bravest of the warriors of his tribe.

THE BEAR INDIAN.

Sometime ago (says the Detroit Gazette) a malicious White hunter shot at an Indian, against whom he had a grudge, as he was climbing up a tree, and wounded him severely. The offender excused himself before the justice, by alleging that he *thought it was a bear.* The Indian, who spoke good English, appeared thunderstruck, and shrewdly replied, "If you thought it was a bear going up a tree, *with red leggins on,* I am done!"

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STORY OF GEORGE ASH.

The following was communicated to the Cincinnati Chronicle, in the autumn of 1829, by a gentleman, in substance, as related below. He received it from the mouth of Ash himself, who resides on the Ohio, in Indiana, upon lands first presented to him by the Indians, and afterwards confirmed, *in part*, by Congress—*he paying for the same.* We are personally acquainted with this man, and have perfect confidence in his veracity :—

"My father, John Ash, was one of the earliest emigrants to Kentucky, and settled near Bardstown, Nelson county, many miles from any other White settlement. In the month of March, 1780, when I was about ten years of age, we were attacked by the Shawnee Indians; a part of the family was killed, the rest were taken prisoners. We were separated from each other, and, excepting a younger sister, who was taken by the same party that had me in possession, I saw none of my family for seventeen years.

"My sister was small; they carried her two or three days, but she cried, and gave them trouble, and they tomahawked and scalped her, and left her lying on the ground. I was, after this, transferred from one family to another, several times, and treated harshly, and called a 'White dog,' till at length I was domesticated in a family, and considered a member of it. After this, my treatment was like that of other children of the tribe.

"The Shawnees, at this time, lived on the Big Miami, about twenty miles above Dayton. Here we continued until General Clark came out, and attacked us, and burnt our town. We then removed to St. Mary's, and continued there about two years. After this, we removed to Fort Wayne, on the Maumee; here we were attacked by General Harmar; we then removed to the Anglaize River, and continued there some years. While there, General St. Clair came out against us. Eight hundred and fifty warriors went out to meet him, and on their way were joined by fifty Kickapoos.

"The two armies met about two hours before sunset. When the Indians were within about half a mile of St.

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Clair, the spies came running back, to inform us, and we stopped. We concluded to encamp; 'it was too late,' they said, 'to begin the play,' they would defer the *sport* till next morning.

"General Blue Jacket was our commander. After dark, he called all the Chiefs around him, to listen to what he had to say. 'Our fathers' said he, 'used to do as we now do; our tribes used to fight other tribes—they could trust to their own strength and their numbers; but in this conflict, we have no such reliance; our power and our numbers, bear no comparison to those of our enemy, and we can do nothing, unless assisted by our Great Father above. I pray now,' continued Blue Jacket, raising his eyes to heaven, 'that he will be with us to-night, and' (it was now snowing) 'that to-morrow, he will cause the sun to shine out clear upon us, and we will take it as a token of good, and we shall conquer.' "

Blue Jacket appears to have been a priest, as well as a warrior.

"About an hour before day, orders were given for every man to be ready to march. On examination, it was found that three fires, or camps, consisting of fifty Pottawattomies, had deserted us. We marched till we got within sight of the fires of St. Clair; then General Blue Jacket began to talk, and to sing a hymn, as Indians sing hymns." [Here the narrator mentioned some ceremony, that I did not well understand.] "The fight commenced, and continued for an hour or more, when the Indians retreated. As they were leaving the ground, a Chief, by the name of Black Fish, ran in among them, and, in the voice of thunder, asked them what they were doing, where they were going, and who had given them orders to retreat? This called a halt, and he proceeded in a strain of the most impassioned eloquence, to exhort them to courage, and to 'deeds of daring,' and concluded with saying, 'that whatever the determination of others might be, he knew not, but, for himself, *his* determination was, to conquer or die! 'You who are like-minded, follow me!' and they raised the war-woop—which is, '*we conquer or die!*'

"The attack was most impetuous, and the carnage, for a few moments, shocking. Many of the Indians threw away their guns, leaped in among the Americans, and did

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the butchery with the tomahawk. In a few moments, the Americans gave way; the Indians took possession of the camp and the artillery, spiked the guns, and parties of Indians followed the retreating army many miles. Eleven hundred Americans were left dead on the field. The number of Indians killed, together with those who afterwards died of their wounds, amounted to only *thirty-five!*

"In this battle, a ball passed through the back of Ash's neck; he fell, and says, his recollection returned while an Indian was carrying him away on his back."

Many years afterwards, Ash ascertained that he had a brother in St. Clair's army, who was killed in this battle. Who can say that he did not direct the ball that did the fatal work?—for, all who have seen Ash, will allow that he was not a man to be idle in battle.

"After this battle, I started, with eight others, on an enbassy to the Creek Nation. Our object was, to renew the friendly relations between that nation and our own tribe, and two of our number were regularly accredited ambassadors, for that purpose. We made a visit of a year, and were successful in the objects of our mission. The nations north of the Ohio were desirous of strengthening themselves against the Whites, by foreign alliances.

"While we were absent, our tribe had had a battle with the Whites, near Fort Hamilton. The American army was commanded, I think, by General Bradley.

"After our return, Wayne came out against us with eight thousand men. We sent out runners to all nations, to collect together warriors, and soon an army of fifteen hundred men was in the field. We marched on to meet Wayne, who then lay at Fort Recovery. We took one of Wayne's spies in our march—a Chickasaw. He was taken to the Indian army, that he might give us some account of Wayne's movements. But the Indians were so enraged at him, for his treachery, that they fell upon him, in the midst of his narrative, and killed him. Our army was then in great want of provisions. *The Chippeway Indians cut him up, roasted, and ate him.*

"Near Fort Recovery we met a part of the American army, and fought them—without much success—and returned home. Wayne marched on the towns, and only three hundred warriors could be mustered to meet him.

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We went out, however, and fought him in two battles, within three days of each other. These battles were fought near Fort Wayne, and the places where they were fought are not more than five miles from each other. The Indians were, in fact, conquered, and the war ended. General Blue Jacket that winter hoisted the flag of truce, and marched into Greenville to treat with Wayne."

We are all familiarly acquainted with the history of these Indian wars—of the gallant, but unfortunate St. Clair—and of the chivalrous and successful Wayne. *This, for aught I know, is the first Indian account of these transactions that has appeared; and, if it is correct—and I have abundant reason to think it is—it must go, at least, to diminish our censure of St. Clare, if it does not detract from the credit of Wayne.* St. Clare suffered himself to be surprised by the Indians in their own territory—a fault which Washington thought admitted of no excuse—besides, his army exceeded the enemy's in numbers. But, when we take into consideration his ignorance of Indian warfare, and that he had to fight them in their own wilds, we must acknowledge the disparity was not very great. By their own showing, likewise, their army consisted of nearly a thousand men—and such men as are not easily conquered by any force—for their motto was "We conquer, or die."

Ash had now been with the savages seventeen years. He had long identified himself with them, spoke their language perfectly, and had almost forgotten his own—and had adopted their dress, and all their modes of life. His right ear is fixed in a peculiar manner, for the purpose of wearing jewels. The edge of the ear, about a third of an inch deep, is cut off, excepting at the ends where the ear joins the head. This rim hangs down on the face, and serves as a kind of loop. The parting gristle of the nose is perforated—there is likewise a hole in his left ear. I made some inquiries as to his painting. He said he painted, and wore about a hundred dollars worth of silver in ornaments, when he visited the ladies. In his nose, he wore three silver crosses, and seven half moons, valued from five to six hundred dollars—and, as he proceeded to describe his decorations, for these excursions of gallantry, and the reception he met with, I could not but reflect upon

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the effect which ornament has with the *fair* in all ages, and among all nations.

"After peace," proceeded he, "I told the Indians I wanted to go to the White settlements, and see if any of my family were living. They, at first, made objections, but finally consented—and, in full dress, with a good horse, a good gun, and a good hunting dog, I started for Fort Pitt.

"Having travelled alone fourteen days in the wilderness, I arrived at my place of destination. I there found a brother, and learned that my father was still living in Kentucky. After staying some time at Fort Pitt, I was employed by a gentleman as a guide through the wilderness to Detroit. When we arrived in the neighbourhood of Detroit, I told my employer he might go on, and that I would spend the winter among the Indians with my wife: for I had taken a wife before I left them. He called for me in the spring, and we returned to Fort Pitt together.

"I there sold my horse, and proceeded down the Ohio river, in a boat, with the intention of visiting my father. I arrived at his house in the night, called him up, and requested entertainment for the night. He denied such a request to no man, whoever he might be, but evidently was not much pleased with my appearance, for I was still in my Indian costume, and could speak but a few words of English.

"He paid me but little attention—gave a servant some orders about my lodging, and was about retiring to bed, when I drew him into a conversation, by asking some questions about his family. I asked him if he had not a son George (many years before) taken by the Indians. He replied that he had—that he had heard he was in St. Clair's defeat, and was killed. I assured him that the report was incorrect, and that I knew something of his son. He asked, with eagerness, where he was. I replied, '*He now stands before you.*' He looked at me with searching scrutiny for a few moments, and commenced pacing the room. He walked up and down the room for two hours, before he uttered another syllable. 'Would you know your brother Henry,' said he, at last, 'if you should see him?' I told him 'No:—for he was a mere infant when I went away.' He thought I should, and, though late in the evening, rode several miles to bring him."

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[In this part of the narration I perceived that Ash's eyes grew moist, and that his voice was husky. He rose to depart, but, by some entreaty, he was induced to return, and continue his tale.]

"My father," said he, "had become wealthy—possessing negroes and fine horses in abundance. But, my mother was dead, and my father had married a second wife, who was not backward in letting me know that that was no place for me.

"I started again for the Indian country, crossed the Ohio, and pitched my camp on the spot where my house now stands, on the bank of the Ohio, exactly opposite the mouth of the Kentucky.

"After hunting for some time, I determined to make another visit to my Red brethren, and a friend gave me a horse to ride. I found them preparing a deputation for their Great Father, the President, and nothing would do but that I should make one of the party. With a number of Chiefs I set out for Philadelphia, and, after visiting the President and all the great people there—and by them, no doubt, thought a very good *Indian*—I returned to my old camp, where I now live.

"As a compensation for my services on this mission, the Indians granted me a tract of land, opposite the mouth of the Kentucky, four miles in length on the river, and one mile back. When the territory was ceded to the United States, the Indians neglected to reserve my grant. I had cultivated some parts of my land, and it was worth more than the government price. *It was offered for sale, and I petitioned Congress to secure to me* WHAT WAS, IN FACT, MY OWN. *They denied me the request, but permitted me to purchase as much as I could at the government price!*"

"I had considered myself rich in lands, but I was poor in cash—and my domain was reduced to about two hundred acres. On this I have lived ever since—and this completes the history of George Ash."

Ash is about six feet in height, of light complexion, with a fine blue eye; and, in the days of his prime, might have exhibited all the symmetry and fine proportions of a well made Indian. He evidently has felt, and still cherishes, a strong prejudice in favour of the Indian character and manners. Till within the last fifteen years, he generally wore

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his jewels and Indian ornaments, This, perhaps, contributed to produce the prejudice and suspicions which existed against him during the late war, and before that time. Suspicions were entertained that he was someway concerned with the Indians in the massacre of the Pigeon Roost. About that time a woman passed through the settlements, who had been scalped, and reported that Ash, in his Indian days, had done the deed. His neighbours, however, informed me, that these prejudices and suspicions have died away. Ash has long supported a fair character, is a member of the Methodist church, and considered a good Christian.

Thus ends our memoirs of a man—though himself not an Indian born—which furnish many, and some extraordinary 'Traits of Indian Character.'

WHIMSICAL IDEAS.

An Indian, called '*The Gun*,' seeing the writer of these Traits reading a book, gravely observed—"Our White brethren have greatly the advantage over their Red brethren. You can converse with the Master of Life,* but we neither speak nor pray to Him. For why should we pray to Him who will do us no harm? It is the Evil Spirit we fear—and to him we pray, that he may not injure us."

A *Piankeshaw Chief*, upon his death-bed, applied to the commandant of Fort Knox, on the Wabash, to have him buried near the garrison—to fire over the grave one cannon, and to hang over it a white flag, "*long enough for him to reach it with his hand, that he might wipe off the sweat from his face, as the weather was then very hot.*" It was July.

* It is a prevalent idea among the North American Savages, that when we are reading books, we are holding converse with the Deity;—for whom they have three distinct epithets, viz. 'The Master of Life,' 'The Master of Breath,' the 'Great Spirit.'—Ed.

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Howling at funerals is usual among the followers of an Indian corpse:—but whether always expressive of sincere sorrow, may fairly be questioned. A young squaw, forming one of a funeral procession, and *loud in her lamentations*, as she passed the writer, drew aside her veil, and set up *a laugh*.

The doctrine of *Transmigration* is common—if not universal—among the Savages. Hence, they will not kill a serpent, even the rattle-snake, lest it should contain the soul of some dear relative. Luckily, however, they have a knowledge of several simples, which are so many remedies for the bites of the most venomous reptiles. But quere, if an *artery* be struck, whether any of them would prove available?

MURDEROUS BUFFALO HUNTING.

We passed a precipice of about one hundred and twenty feet high, under which lay scattered the fragments of at least one hundred carcases of buffaloes, although the water, which had washed away the lower part of the hill, must have carried off many of the dead. These buffaloes had been chased down the precipice, in a way very common on the Missouri, and by which vast herds are destroyed in a moment. The mode of hunting is, to select one of the most active and fleet young men, who is disguised, by a buffalo skin around his body, the skin of the head, with the ears and the horns, fastened on his own head, in such a way as to deceive the buffalo. Thus dressed, he fixes himself at a convenient distance, between a herd of buffaloes and any of the river precipices, which sometimes extend for some miles. His companions, in the meantime, get into the rear, and on the side of the herd, and, at a given signal, show themselves, and advance towards the buffalo: they instantly take the alarm; and, finding the hunters beside them, they run towards the disguised Indian or decoy, who leads them on at full speed toward the river, when, suddenly securing himself in some crevice of the cliff which he had previously fixed on, the herd is left on the brink of

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the precipice. It is then in vain for the foremost to retreat, or even to stop—they are pressed on by the hindmost rank, who, seeing no danger, but from the hunters, goad on those before them, till the whole are precipitated, and the shore is strewed with their dead bodies. Sometimes, in this perilous seduction, the Indian is himself either trodden under foot, by the rapid movements of the buffalo, or, missing his footing in the cliff, is urged down the precipice along with the falling herd.

The Indians now select as much meat as they choose, and the rest is abandoned to the wolves,* and creates a most dreadful stench. The wolves who had been feasting on these carcases were very fat, and so gentle, that one of them was killed with an espontoon.

DREAMING.

Once, on a visit to Sir William Johnston, the powerful British superintendant for Indian affairs, a savage Chief espied some gold laced clothes hanging up in the superintendant's apartment. "I dreamed," said the Indian, "that you had given to me these fine clothes." "Then, since you dreamed it," said Johnston, "you must certainly take them." Some time afterwards the Indian returned, when Sir William, who had laid the plan in his own mind, told him he had lately dreamed "that his nation (Iroquois) had made him a present of a tract of country:" (describing its extensive boundaries.) "Since you have dreamed it," said the Indian, "you must have the land. But I must take care how I dream with you again."

* The writer of the above omits a mention of the *skins*. Now it is well known that the dressed skins of the buffalo (which are called buffalo robes) form the principle article for barter with the White traders among all Savages where that animal is found. Besides, it supplies them with dresses, bedding, &c.—Ed.

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NABIJO INDIANS.

We copy from a Missouri paper, of 1824, the following article, descriptive of a people heretofore unknown to us; and, consequently, forming an interesting addition to a knowledge of our aborigines;—although wanting many essentials, which time alone can supply.

Between the Spanish settlements of New Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, there resides a nation of Indians called the *Nabijos;* whose ingenuity and improvements are quite uncommon in an uncivilized state of society.

Their skill in manufacturing, and their excellence in some of the useful and ornamental arts, show a decided superiority of genius over all the other tribes of the western continent;—even over those whose contiguity to civilization has afforded them the benefit of its example and instruction. That they are self-taught, there is no doubt: and, although our information is deficient relative to their origin, customs, manners, and municipal regulations, perhaps it may enable us to state some facts concerning them, interesting to our readers, and which may lead to more satisfactory intelligence.

It is believed by the Spaniards that they are a remnant of the ancient Mexican nation, under the government of the empire of Montezuma, who had fled from their happy vales, beautiful lakes, and splendid towns;—preferring to scent the fragrance of liberty, and taste the sweets of domestic repose, in a distant wilderness, rather than submit to the dominion and cruelties of Cortez. To noble minds, rendered indignant by multiplied and unprovoked wrongs, such a course would have been perfectly natural. But circumstances induce us to believe, that the supposition is incorrect. The barbarous disposition and destroying policy of a heartless invader, in a few years, laid in ruins that powerful and well-regulated empire; and swept from the face of the earth its numerous inhabitants—simple, happy, and polished, in a state of nature.

The miserable remains amalgamated with their conquerors, and their national character, peculiarity of customs, and pride of independence, sunk together into a common

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grave. It is a more reconcilable supposition, that the *Nabijos* were originally a different nation, and one whose customs have never been altered, and whose arts and mode of living have never been adulterated by an intercourse with civilized society. Their power and bravery are proverbial among the Spaniards, who have experienced more molestation and injury from them than from all other Indians in their vicinity.

They once sent to Santa Fé a large quantity of silver bullion, to be moulded into dollars, which the Spaniards perfidiously converted to their own use. The Spaniards also prohibited the cultivation and manufacture of tobacco among them, with a view to necessitate them to purchase their own—for which they demanded an extravagant price. These, together with other causes of dissatisfaction, have, for many years, occasioned mutual hostilities, in which the Nabijos usually triumphed over the pusillanimity of the Spaniards, and made a large proportion of their sheep and mules the spoils of war. A young gentleman, now in this town (St. Louis), during the last summer, accompanied a strong military expedition against those Indians, which defeated them, and obliged them to sue for peace. Of the Nabijos, a Chief was killed, who wore *shoes, fine woollen stockings, small-clothes* (*connected at the sides by silver buttons, instead of a seam*), *a hunting shirt, and a scarlet cap, the folds of which were also secured by silver buttons.*

These people do not adopt the usual Indian manner of living in villages, but are a nation of comfortable and independent farmers. Their houses are built of stone—some one, and others two stories high. They have fine flocks of sheep, abundance of mules, and herds of cattle of a superior kind. They cultivate Indian corn, tobacco, and cotton; the latter of which they manufacture into cloth. They have gardens, in which they grow several kinds of esculent vegetables, and have peach orchards, the fruit of which resembles our apricots. Several of their woollen manufactures equal the quality of ours. We have seen a coverlet made by them, the texture of which was excellent, the figures ingenious, and the colours permanent and brilliant. The Spaniards imitate the manufacture of this article, but their imitations are far inferior to the original. The Nabijos make baskets, and small dishes of osiers, so completely

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worked as to hold water, without the least leakage.* The twigs, before being wrought, are variously coloured, and so skilfully put together, that the finished vessel presents different figures. Their bridles are made of tanned leather, and often embellished with silver ornaments. They dress, almost wholly, in their own fabrics. The men wear small-clothes, sometimes of deer-skins, tanned and handsomely coloured. The women wear a long black robe, ornamented around the bottom with a red border, which is sometimes figured; and, when not engaged, they use a large shawl of the same colour and material. Their different modes of putting up their hair, show whether they are single, lately married, or matrons. The Nabijo weapons are the lance, and the bow and arrow.

Such advantages and improvements among the uncivilized—if uncivilized they may be called—are calculated to excite our doubts. But our information comes from a source entitled to implicit confidence. And we believe it the more readily, on considering the characters and condition of the natives of that country, when the Europeans first visited them. They were well versed in the arts of painting and agriculture. Their gardens were large, and well provided with medical and flowering plants, and esculent roots. The city of Mexico was, at that time, both splendid and populous, containing a population of more than four hundred thousand. Its houses were built of stone, many of them three stories high. Its streets were wide, straight, and regularly laid off: they were furnished with water, by canals, and the houses were supplied with it by aqueducts. One of the emperor's palaces could conveniently accommodate five hundred persons: its walls were of jasper, variously coloured and beautifully polished, and its rooms were decorated with cotton hangings and feathered tapestry, richly painted by nature and art. Their works of art were numerous, and executed with consummate skill, and their public edifices and other works for public accommodation were grand and stupendous monuments of human ingenuity.

* Many of the Canadian, and other Northern tribes, make baskets, &c. out of a vegetable substance, which are completely water-tight.—Ed.

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A HEROINE

TRIED IN A MOST PERILOUS PREDICAMENT.

"I contend—and who will deny it?—that it required more courage and fortitude to stay on the skirts of the forest, unprotected by moat, ditch, or stockade, in the half-built cabin, with decrepitude and infancy, listening to every step, anxious for the coming in of those who had gone in search of the foe, than it did to fight the foe when he was met. This was more than Spartan fortitude—for the enemy seldom saw the dwelling where the heroic mother of Sparta waited to hear the fate of her husband and children: but ours were in constant danger of an attack from the Savages."—*Knapp's Lectures on American Literature.*

A volume of the *Records of Women*—which should present the more striking exploits of American females, in the early settlement of the Eastern states, in the war of the Revolution, and the peopling of this Western country—would exhibit a series of bold, heroic, and enterprising actions, unsurpassed in the history of the sex, in any age or nation. We have only to go back to the period when the first emigrants to Kentucky and Ohio fearlessly planted themselves in the midst of a wilderness, teeming with Savages and ferocious animals, to find the most convincing proofs of this. We shall there find women, accustomed to all the refinements and protection of life, placed in tents and half-raised log-huts, with infant children, living upon wild game, and often witnessing, from their cabin-doors, the murder of their husbands and sons, while labouring in their half-cleared corn-fields; and, night after night, compelled to listen to the Indian yells, and to assist in defending the little block-house, into which, for common safety, they were driven nightly, to assemble for mutual protection, from the merciless enemy.

In illustration of his subject, Mr. Knapp cites an instance of female heroism, which occurred at Haverhill, on the Merrimack river.

"On the 15th of March, 1698, Mrs. Dunston was made

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prisoner by a party of Indians. She was, on this day, confined to her bed, attended by her nurse, Mary Niff. Seven children, besides a female infant, six days old, were with her. As soon as the alarm was given, her husband sent away the seven children towards the garrison-house; by which time the Indians were so near, that, despairing of saving the others of his family, he hastened after his children on horseback. This course was advised by his wife. She thought it was idle for her to attempt to escape. A party of Indians followed him: but the father kept in the rear of his children; and, often firing on his pursuers, he kept them back, and was enabled to reach the garrison, with his children, in safety.

"The Indians took Mrs. Dunston from her bed, and carried her off, with the nurse and infant: but finding the little one becoming troublesome, they took her from her mother's arms, by force, and, dashing her against a tree, ended her moans, and miseries, and life together.

"The mother had followed the Indians, until this moment, with faltering steps and bitter tears—thinking on the fate of herself, her babe, and her other children. After this horrid outrage, she wept no more:—the agony of nature drank the tear-drop ere it fell. She looked to heaven, with a silent prayer for succour and vengeance, and followed the infernal group, without a word of complaint. At this instant the high resolve was formed in her mind, and swelled every pulse of her heart. They travelled on some distance—as she thought, one hundred and fifty miles,—but, perhaps, from the course they took, about seventy-five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the Upper Falls, on the Merrimack, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in the river, the Indians had a wigwam, and, in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest, they slept soundly. Mrs. Dunston did not sleep. The nurse and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design, but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the stillness of the night she arose, and went out of the wigwam, to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They did not move:—they were to sleep until

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the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets, and despatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman, who was rising when she struck her, fled, with her probable death-wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared:—for the avenger of blood was a woman, and a mother, and could not deal a death-blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage-ground by the light of the fire, which she stirred up after the deed was done, and, catching a few handsful of parched corn, she commenced her journey. But, on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness, when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she therefore returned, and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy into the canoe, and, with herself, they floated down to the Falls, when she landed, and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on the way home. After suffering incredible hardships by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children, and friends.

"The general court of Massachusetts examined her story, and, being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and, as one of the writers of that day says (who saw her), "She was a right modest woman." Has Anacharsis or Mitford, in their histories of Greece, any thing to surpass this well-authenticated story? Her descendants in a right line, and by the same name, are now living where she was captured."

END OF VOL. I.

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